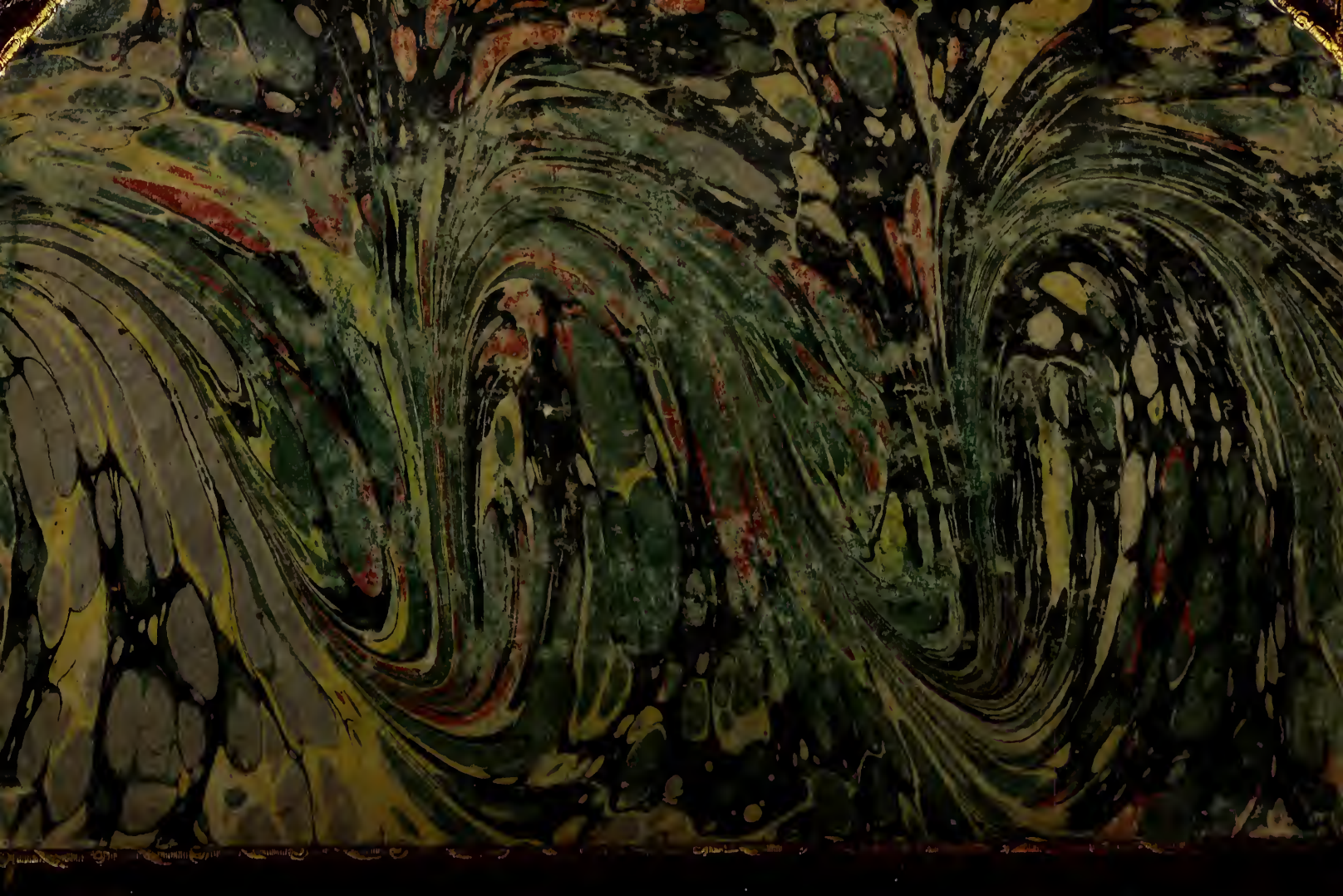


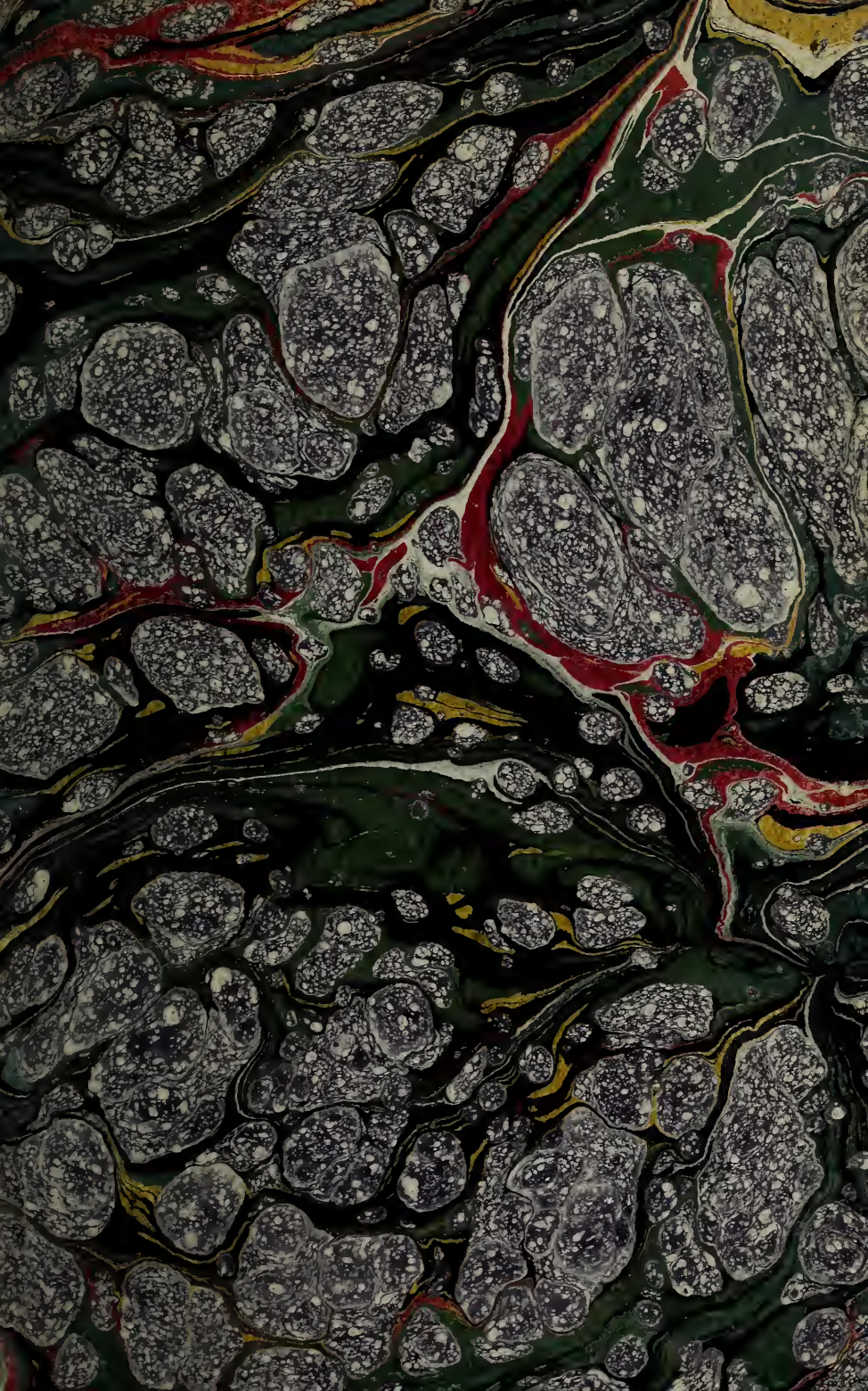
Accessions
149.621

Shelf No.
XG.3975.46

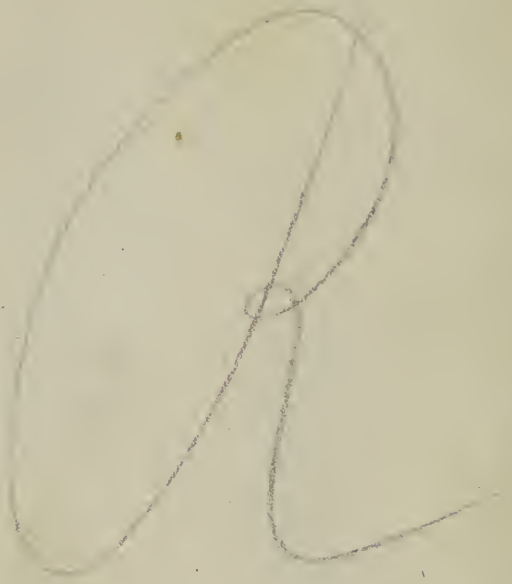
Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.



1905 — 2.12.6



When you see me,
You know me.

Or the famous Chronicle Historie *of king Henry the eight, with the* birth and vertuous life of Edward *Prince of Wales.*

As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince *of Wales his seruants.*

By SAMVELL ROVVLY, seruant to the Prince.

15265

LONDON,
Imprinted for *Nathaniell Butter*, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yeard neare Saint *Austines* gate, 1605.

xg
.3975
.46

149.621
Aug. 1873

1875

When you see me,

You know me.

Enter the Cardinall with the Embassadours of Fraunce, in all state and royaltie, the Purse and Mace before him.

Woolsie.

Entlemen giue leaue: you great embassadors,
From *Francis* the most christian king of Fraunce:
My Lord of Paris, and Lord *Boneuet*,
Welcome to England: since the king your maister
Intreates our furtherance to aduance his peace;
Giuing vs titles of high dignitie,
As next elect to Romes Supremacie.
Tell him we haue so wrought with Eng'ish *Henry*
(Who, as his right hand loues the Cardinall)
That vn-delaid, you shal haue audience:
And this day will the king in person sit
To heare your message, and to answere it.

Boneuet. Your grace hath done vs double curtesie:
For so much doth the king our maister long,
To haue an answer of this embassage.
As minutes are thought months till we returne.

Paris. And that is the cause his highnesse moues your grace,
To quicke dispatch betwixt the king and him: (grace,
And for a quittance of your forwardnesse,
And hopefull kindnesse to the crowne of Fraunce,
Twelue reuerent Bishops are sent post to Rome,
Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,
To moue *Campeus* and the Cardinals,
For your election to the papall throne,
That *Woolsies* head may weare the tripall Crowne.

Wool. We thanke his highnesse for remembring vs.
And so salute my Lord the Emperour,
Both which (if *Woolsie* be made Pope of Rome)
Shall be made famous through all Christendome.

ow how *Bonner*.

Enter Bonner.

on. Sir *William Cumpton* from his highneſſe comes,
o do a meſſage to your excellence.
Vool. Delay him a while, and tell him we are buſie,
leane time my Lords you ſhall with draw your ſelues,
ur priuate conference muſt not be knowne,
et all your gentlemen in their beſt array,
ttend you brauely to king *Henries* court,
Vhere we in perſon preſently will meete you:
nd doubt not wele preuaile ſucceſſfully.
one. But hath your grace yet moued his highnes ſiſter,
or kind acceptance of our Soueraignes loue.
ool. I haue, and by the kings meanes finiſht it,
nd yet it was a taske, I tell yee Lords,
hat might haue bene impoſed to *Hercules*,
o win a Lady of her ſpirit and yeares.
o ſee her firſt loue crownd with ſiluer haires,
s old king *Lewes* is, that bedrid lyes,
nfit for loue, or worldly vanities,
on. But tis is countries peace the king reſpects.
ol. We thinke no leſſe, & we haue fully wrought it,
ne Emperours forces that were leuied,
o inuade the frontyres of loe Burgondy,
e ſtaid in Brabant by the kings commaund,
ne Admirall Hayward that was lately ſent,
ith threeſcore ſaile of ſhips and pinnaces,
o Batter downe the townes in Normandy,
by our care for him, cald home againe:
ien doubt not of a faire ſucceſſefull end,
nce *VVoolſie* is eſteemd your Soueraines friend.
er. We thanke your excellence, and take our leaues,
ool. Haſt ye to court, ile meete ye preſently.
ne. God morrow to your grace. *Exeunt.* (*ton* in,
ol. God morrow Lords, go cal Sir *VVilliam Cump-*
e muſt haue narrow eyes, and quicke conceit,
o looke into theſe dangerous ſtratagemes,
ill effect for Fraunce, as they for me:
Voolſie to the Popes high ſtate attaine,
ne league is kept, or elſe he'e breakt againe.

Enter Bonner and Cumpton.

ow good Sir *William*,

Cump.

Cum. The king my Lord intreates your reuerent grace,
There may be had some priuate conference,
Betwixt his highnesse and your excellence,
Before he heare the French Embassadors,
And wils you hasten your repaire to him.
Wool. We will attend his highnesse presently,
Bonner, see all our traine be set in readinesse,
That in our state and pompe pontificiall,
We may passe on to grace king *Henries* court.
Cump. I haue a message from the Queene my Lord,
Who much commends, & humbly thanks your grace,
For your exceeding loue, and zealous prayers,
By your directions through all England sent:
To inuocate for her sound prosperous helpe,
By heauens faire hand in child-bed passions.
Wool. We thanke her highnesse that accepts our loue,
In all Cathedrall Churches through the land,
Are Masses, Derges, and Professions sung:
With prayers to heauen to blesse her Maiestie,
And send her ioy, and quicke deliuery:
And so Sir *William* do my duty to her,
Queene *Iane* was euer kind and courteous,
And alwaies of her subiects honoured.
Cump. I take my leaue my Lord:

Exit.

Wol. Adew good knight weele follow presantly,
Now *Woolsie* worke thy wittes like gaddes of steele,
And make them plyable to all impressions,
That King and Queene and all may honour thee:
So toild not *Cæsar* in the state of Roome,
As *Woolsie* labours in the affaires of Kings:
As *Hannibal* with oyle did melt the Alpes:
To make a passage into *Italie*:
So must we beare our high pitcht *Eminence*
To digge for glorie in the hearts of men.
Till we haue got the papall diadem:
And to this end haue I composd this plot,
And made a League betweene the French and vs:
And match their Aged King in holy Mariage,
With Ladie *Mary* Royall Henries sister:
That he in peace complotting with the Emperor
May plead for vs within the Courts of Rome:
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame so great,

King. Why, where hast thou bin?

Wil. Marrie I rise early, and ride post to London, to know what newes was here at Court.

King. Was that your neerest way William?

Will. O I, the verie foote pathe, but yet I rid the horse way to here it, I warrant there is nere a Cundhead keeperin Londō, but knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.

Wolsie. And what is the best newes there William?

Will. Good newes for you my Lord *Cardinall*, for one of the old wemen Waterbearers told me for certain, that last Friday all the belles in Rome Rang backward, there was a thowsand Derges sung, sixe hundred auemaries said, euerie man washt his face in holy water, the peopel crossing and blessing themselues to send them a new Pope, for the old is gon to purgatory.

Wolsie: Ha, ha, ha,

Will. Nay, my Lord you'd laugh, if't were so indeed, for euery bodie thinks if the Pope were dead, you gape for a benefice, but this newes my Lord is cald too good to be true.

King. But this newes came a pace Will, that came from Rome to *London* since Friday last.

Will. For, twas at Billings-gate by *Saterday* Morning, twas a full Moone, and it came vp in a spring tide.

King. Then you here of the Embassadors that are come.

Willi. I, I, & that was the cause of my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barbars.

King Ha, ha, what a fooles this, *Iane*, and what doe they say he comes for, Will?

William: Marry they say he comes to craue thy aide against the great *Turk*, that vowes to ouerrunne all France within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belik, & they say, the reason is, his old god Mamet that was buried ith top on's Church at *Meca*, his Tombe fell downe, and kilde a Sowe and seuen Pigges, whereupon they thinke all swines flesh is new sanctified, and now it is thought the *Iewes* wil fall to eating of porke extreamely after it.

king. This is strang indeede, but is this all,

Will. No there is other newes that was told me, among the wemen at a backe house, and that is this, they say, the great Bell in glassenberie. Tor has told twise, and that king Arthur, and his Knights of the round Table that were buried in Armour, are aliue again, crying Saint Gorge for England, and meane shortly to conquere Rome,

marry

marrie this is thought to be but a morrall,

king. The Embassadors are comming, and heare William see that you be silent, when you see them heare.

William: Ile be wise and say little I warrant thee, and therefore till I see em come, Ile go talke with the Queene; how dost thou Iane, sirra. *Harrie,* shee lookes verie bigge vpon me, but I care not, and shee bring thee a young Prince, Will *sommers* may hap's be his foole, whē you two are both dead and rotten:

Kin: Goe to William, how now *Iane* what groning,
Gods me th'hast an Angrie soldiers frowne;

William. I thinke so *Harrie,* thou hast prest her often:
I am sure this two yeres she has seru'd vnder thy stādard.

Q: Iane, Good faith my Lord I must intreat your grace
That with your fauour I may leaue the presence:
I cannot stay to heare this Embassage,

king. Gods holy mother, Ladies lead her to her chāber,
Goe bid the Midwiues, and the Nurses waight,
Make holesome fiers and take her from the Ayer,
Now *Iane* God bring me but a chopping boy,
Be but the Mother to a Prince of Wales
Ad a ninth Henrie to the English Crowne,
And thou mak'st full my hopes, faire Queene adew:
And may heauens helping hand our ioyes renew:

Comp: God make your Maiestie a happie Mother,

Dud: And helpe you in your weakest passions,
With zealous prayer we all will inuocate:
The powers deuine for your deliuerie:

Q: Iane, We thanke you all, and in faire enterchange
We'l pray for you: now on my my humble knees,
I take my leaue of your high Maiestie,
God send your highnesse long and happie Raigne,
And blesse this kingdome, and your subiects lyues:
And to your gratious heart all ioy restore,
I feare I shall neuer behold you more,

King, Doe not thinke so faire Queene, goe to thy bed,
Let not my loue be so discomforted.

Wil, No. no, I warrāt thee *Iane,* make hast & dispatch this
That thou maist haue another against next Christ ma s

King, Ladies attend her, Countesse of Salisburie, sister
VVho first brings word that Harrie hath a Son (Mary
Shall be rewarded well:

Will, I, Ile bee his suertie: but doe you heare wenches, shee that brings

rings the first tydings howsoeuer it fall out, let her be sure to say the
Childs like the father, or els shee shall haue nothin g.

Enter Lords and Embassadors

King. Welcome Lord *Bonneuet*, welcome Bishop
What from our brother brings this Embassage.
Bonneuet. Most faire cõmends great & renowned Hen:
We in the person of our Lord and King,
Here of your highnesse, doe intreate a League
And to reedefie the former peace:
Held betwixt the Realmes of England and of France,
Of late disordred for some pettie wrongs:
And pray your Maiestie to stay your powers:
Alreadie leuied in low Burgandie,
Which to maintaine our oaths, shall be ingadge,
And to confirme it with more surety,
He craues your faire consent vnto his loue,
And giue the Lady *Marie* for his Queene,
The second sister to your Royall selfe.
So may an heire springing from both your bloods:
Make both Realmes happie by a lasting League,
King. Wee kindely doe receiue your Maisters loue,
And yet our grant stands stronge vnto his suit,
If that no following censure feeble it:
For we herein must take our Counsels aide.
But howsoeuer our answere shall be swift,
Meane time we grant you faire accesse to woe,
And winne her (if you can) to be his Queene.
Our selfe will second you. Right welcome both,
Lord Cardinall, these Lords shall be your Guests,
But let our Treasure Wast to welcome them:
Banquet them, how they will, what cheere, what sport,
Let them see *Harry* keepes a kingly Court:
Wolsie. I shall my Soueraigne. *Ex. Woolf:*
Ki. With draw a while our selues will follow ye.
Now *Will*, are you not deceiu'd in this Embassage,
You heard they came for aide against the Turke.
Will. Well then, now I see there is loud lies told in London
But als on for their comming's to as much purpose as the other:
king: And why I pray,
Wil. Why dost thou thinke thy sister such a foole, to marrie such an o'd *dies veneris*, he get herwith Prince? *I*, when either *I*, or the Cardinall prooue Pope, and that will neuer be, I hope:

King,

King. How knoweſt thou him to be old, thou neuer ſaweſt him?
VVill. No, nor he me, but I ſaw his picture with ner-a tooth eth head out, and all his beard as well fauoured as a white froſt, but it no matter, if he haue her, he will dye ſhortly, and then ſhe may hel to bury him,

Enter Ladyes.

1 Lad. Runne, Runne, good Maddam, call the Ladyes in. Call for more Womens helpe, the Queene is ſicke.
2 Lad For Gods loue goe backe againe, and warme more clothes O let the wine be well burned I charge yee.
VVill I, In any caſe, or I cannot drinke it, dooſt thou heare *Harry* what a coile they keepe: I warrant, theſe women will drinke thee v more wine, with their goſſipping, then was ſpent in all the Condu its at thy Coronation.

Enter Lady Mary and the Countes of Saliſbury.

King, Tis no matter *Will*, How now Ladies,
La: Mary, I beſeech your grace command the foole forth of the peſence,
k, Away *William:* you muſt be gone, her's womens matters in hanc
Willi, Let them ſpeake loe then, Ile not out of the roome, ſure,
Count, Come, come let's thruſt him out, he'le not ſturre elſe:
Will: Thruſt me, nay and ye goe to thruſting, ile thruſt ſome of you downe I warrant ye:
King: Nay, goe good William:
VVill. Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will ſcratch worſe then cats, if they catch me, therefore Ile hence and leaue them, God boy Ladyes do you heare Maddam Mary, you had neede to be wary, my newes is worth a white-cake, you muſt play at tennis with old Saint *Dennis*, and your maiden-heade muſt lye at the ſtake.

Exit.

King Ha, ha, the foole tels you true (my gentle ſiſter)
But to our buſineſſe, how fares my Queene?
How fares my *Iane*, has ſhe a ſonne for me?
To raiſe againe our kingdomes ſoueraignty
Lady Mary, That yet reſts doubtfull, O my princely Lord.
Your poore diſtreſſed Queene lyes weake and ſicke,
And be it ſonne or daughter, deere ſhe buyes it,
Euen with her deereſt life, for one muſt dye:
All Womens helpe is paſt. Then good my Leige,
Reſolue it quickly, if the Queene ſhall liue,

The Child must die, or if it life receiues,
You must your hapeles Queene of life bereaue,
Ki. You peirce me with your newes, run, send for helpe.
Spend the reuenewes of my Crowne for aide,
To saue the life of my beloued Queene:
How hap't she is so ill attended on.
That we are put to this extremity,
To saue the Mother or the child to dye.
Counteſſe. I beſeech your grace reſolue immediatly,
King. Immediatly (saist thou) O, tis no quicke reſolue
Can giue good verdit in so sad a choise:
To loose my Queene, that is my some of bliſſe,
More vertuous than a thowsand Kingdomes be;
And should I loſe my Sonne (if Sonne it be)
That all my subiects so desire to see.
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.
What shall I doe?
Lady Marie. Remember the Queene my Lord:
King. I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,
But I forget thy paine and miſerie,
Goe, let the Childe die; let the Mother liue,
Heauens powerfull hand may more children giue:
Away, and comfort her with our reply,
Harry will haue his Queene though thowsands die.
I know no iſſue of her princely wombe:
Why then should I preferre 't before her life. *Exit. La.*
Whoſe death ends all my hopefull ioyes on earth.
God's will be done, for suer it is his will,
For secret reasons to himselfe beſt knowne:
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,
And seeing (that sees all) in his creation,
To be some impotent and coward spirit,
Vnlike the figure of his *Royall* Father:
Has thus decrede, least he should blurre our fame,
As Whylome did the sixt king of my name
Loose all, his Father (the first Henrie) wonne.
Ile thanke the Heauens for taking such a Sonne.
Whoſe within there?
Enter Compton. My Lord.
king. Goe *Compton*, bid Lord *Seimer* come to me,
The honor'd Father of my wofull Queene
Now now what newes?

We

L. Marie. We did deliuer what your highneſſe wild,
Which was no ſooner by her grace receiud:
But with the ſad report, ſhe ſeemd as dead,
Which cauſd vs ſtay, after reuouerie.
She ſent vs backe tintreate your Maieſtie,
As euer you did take delight in her,
As you preferre the quiet of her ſoule,
That now is readie to forſake this life,
As you deſire to haue the life of one,
She doth intreate your grace that ſhe may dye,
Leaſt both doth periſh in this agonie:
For to behold the infant ſuffer death,
Were endleſſe tortures, made to ſtop her breath,
Then to my Lord (quoth ſhe) thus gently ſay,
The child is faire, the mother earth and clay.
King. Sad meſſenger of woe; oh my poore Queene,
Canſt thou ſo ſoone conſent to leaue this life,
So pretious to our ſoule, ſo deere to all,
To yeeld the hopefull yſſue of thy loines,
To raiſe our ſecond comfort, well, be it ſo:
Ill, be it ſo: ſtay, I reuoke my word,
But that you ſay helpes not, for ſhe muſt dye:
Yet if ye can ſaue both, ile giue my crowne:
Nay, all I haue, and enter bonds for more,
Which with my conquering ſword with fury bent,
Ile purchaſe in the fartheſt continent,
Vſe all your chiefeſt skill, make haſt away,
Whilſt we for your ſucceſſe deuoutly pray.

Enter Lord Seymer.

Seym. All ioy and happineſſe betide my Soueraigne.
King. Ioy be it good Lord *Seymer* noble father,
Or ioy, or griefe, thou haſt a part in it,
Thou comſt to greete vs in a doubtfull houre,
Thy daughter and my Queene lies now in paine,
And if I looſe, *Seymer* thou canſt not gaine.
Sey. Yet comfort, good my Liege, this womans woe,
Why? tis as certaine to her as her death,
Both giuen her in her firſt creation:
It is a ſower to ſweete, giuen them at firſt,
By their firſt mother, then put ſorrow hence:
Your grace, ere long ſhall ſee a gallant Prince,

King. Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy words,
Thy loue some comfort to our hopes affoords,
How now.

Enter two Ladies.

Count. My gratious Lord, here I present to you,
A goodly sonne: see here your flesh, your bone,
Looke here royall Lord, I warrant tis your owne.
Seym. See here my Liege, by the rood a gallant Prince,
Ha little cakebread, foregod a chopping boy.
King. Euen now I wept with sorow, now with ioy,
Take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

Enter Mary and one Lady.

Count. O my good Lord, the wofull.
King. Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she liue?
What? weepe ye all, nay, then my heart misgiues,
Resolue me sister, is the newes worth hearing.
L. Mary. Nor worth the telling, royall Soueraigne.
King. Now, by my crowne, thou dimst my royaltie,
And with thy cloudie lookes eclipst my ioyes,
Thy silent eye bewrayes a ruthfull sound,
Stopt in the organs of thy troubled spirit:
Say, is she dead.
La. Mary. Without offence she is.
Kin. Without offence, saist thou, heauen take my soule,
What can be more offensiue to my life:
Then sad remembrance of my faire Queenes death,
Thou wofull man, that camst to comfort me:
How shall I ease thy hearts calamitie?
That cannot helpe thy selfe, how one sad minute
Hath raisd a fount of sorrowes in his eyes,
And bleard his aged cheekes, yet *Seymer* see,
She hath left part of her selfe, a sonne to me:
To thee a graund-child, vnto the land a Prince,
The perfect subsistance of his royall mother,
In whom her memory shall euer liue:
Phœnix Iana obit nato Phœnice,
Dolendum fœcula phœnices nulla tulisse duas.
One Phenix dying, giues another life,
Thus must we flatter our extreamest griefe.
What day is this.
Cump. Saint *Edwards* euen my Lord.

King.

Kin. Prepare for christning, *Edward* shall be his name,

Enter the Cardinall, Embassadors, Bonner and Gardner.

Wool. My Lords of Fraunce you haue had small cheere with vs,
But you must pardon vs, the times are sad,
And sooths not now for mirth and banqueting:
Therefore I pray make your swift returne,
Commend me to your king, and kindly tell him,
The English Cardinall will remaine his friend,
The Lady *Mary* shall be forthwith sent,
And ouertake ye ere you reach to Douer:
And for the businesse that concearnes the league,
Vrge it no more, but leaue it to my care.
Bone. We thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinal,
And so with thankfulnesse we take our leaues.
Wool. Happily speed my honorable Lords,
My heart, I sweare, still keepes you company,
Farewell to both, pray your king remember,
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,
We shall be thankfull, if they thinke on vs.
Par. We will be earnest in your cause my Lord,
So of your grace we once more take our leaues.
Wool. Againe farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,
Now *Gardner*, what thinkst thou of these times.
Gard. Well, that the leagues confirmd, my gratious Lord,
Ill, that I feare the death of good Queene *Iane*,
Will cause new troubles in our state againe.
VWool. Why thinkst thou so?
Gard. I feare false *Luthers* doctrins spread so farre,
Least that his highnesse now vnmaried,
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,
You saw how soone his maiestie was wonne,
To scorne the Pope, and Romes religion,
When Queene *Anne Bullen* wore the diadem.
Wool. *Gardner* tis true, so was the rumor spread:
But *Woolsie* wrought such meanes she lost her head,
Tush feare not thou whilst *Haries* life doth stand,
He shall be king, but we will rule the land.
Bonner come hither, you are our trustie friend:
See that the treasure we haue gathered,

The

The Copes, the Veſtments, and the Challices,
The ſmoake pence, and the tributary fees,
That Engliſh chimnies pay the Church of Rome:
Be barreld cloſe within the inner ſeller,
Wele ſend it ouer ſhortly to prepare,
Our ſwift aduancement to Saint *Peters* chaire,
Be truſtie, and be ſure of honors ſpeedily,
The king hath promiſed at the next election,
Bonner ſhall haue the Biſhopricke of London.
Bon. I humbly thanke your grace.
Wool. And *Gardner* ſhall be Lord of Wincheſter:
Had we our hopes, what ſhall you not be then,
When we haue got the Papall diadem. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.

Br. How now Sir *William Cumpton*, where is the king.
Cum. His grace is walking in the gallery,
As ſad and paſsionate as ere he was.
Dud. Twere good your grace went in to comfort him.
Bran. Not I Lord *Dudley*, by my George I ſweare,
Vnleſſe his Highneſſe firſt had ſent for me,
I will not put my head in ſuch a hazzard,
I know his anger, and his ſpleene too well.
Gray. Tis ſtrange, this humor hath his highneſſe held,
Euer ſince the death of good Queene *Iane*,
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

Enter Cardinall, Sommers, and Patch.

Dud. Here comes the Cardinall.
Bran. I, and two fooles after him, his Lordſhip is well attended ſtill.
Sem. Lets win this prelate to ſalute the king,
It may perhaps worke his diſgrace with him.
Wool. How now *William*, what? are you here to.
Will. I my Lord, all the fooles follow you, I come to bid my coſin *Patch* welcome to the court, and when I come to Yorke houſe, hele do as much for me, will yee not *Patch*?
Pat. Yes coſin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day. *ſing.*
Wool. What, are you ſinging ſirra.
Will. Ile make him cry as faſt anon I hold a peny.
Dud. God morrow to your grace my good Lord Cardinall.
Wool. We thanke your honour.

Enter king within.

Kyng. What *Cumpton*, *Carew*. *Call within.*

Bran.

Brand. Harke, the king cals.
King. Mother of God, how are we attended on: who waights without.
Brand. Go in Sir *William*, and if you find his grace
In any milder temper then he was last night,
Let vs haue word, and we will visit him.
Cump. I Will my Lord. *Exit.*
Wool. What is the occasion, that the kings so mou'd.
Brand. His grace hath taken such an inward greese,
With sad remembrance of the Queene that's dead:
That much his highnesse wrongs his state and person.
Besides in Ireland, do the Burkes rebell,
And stout *Pearsie* that disclod the plot,
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,
And *Martin Luther* out of Germanie,
Has writ a booke against his Maiestie,
For taking part with proud Pope *Iulius*,
Which being spred by him through Christendome,
Hath thus incenst his royall maiestie.
Wool. Tush, I haue newes, my Lord, to salue that sore,
And make the king more feard through christendome,
Then euer was his famous aunce stors:
Nor can base *Luther* with his heresies,
Backt by the proudest germaine potentate,
Heretically blurre king *Henries* fame:
For honour that he did Pope *Iulius*,
Who in high fauour of his Maiestie,
Hath sent *Campeus* with a bull from Rome,
To adde vnto his title this high stile:
That he and his faire posteritie,
Proclaimd defenders of the faith shall be:
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,
As Legats from the Emperiall court of Rome.
Gr. This newes, my Lord, may somthing ease his mind,
Twere good your grace would go and visit him.
Wool. I will, and doubt not but to please him well.
Seym. So, I am glad he's in, and the king be no better pleased then he was at our last parting, hele make him repent his saucinesse.
Brand. How now old *William*, how chance you go not to the king, and comfort him.
Will. No birlady, my Lord, I was with him too lately already, his fist is too heauie for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night,

after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at *Charles*, here to make him merry: and he gaue me such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through three chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ore fiue barrels, into the bottome of the seller, and if I had not well lickard my selfe there, I had neuer liu'd after it.

Bran. Faith *Will*, ile giue thee a veluet coate, and thou canst but make him merry.

Will. Will ye my Lord, and ile venter another boxe on the eare but ile do it.

Enter Cumpton.

Cum. Cleare the presence there, the king is com ing,
Gods me, my Lords, what meant the Cardinall,
So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

Gray. Is the king mou'd at it.

Enter the king and VVoolsie.

Cumpt. Iudge by his countenance, see he comes:

Bran. Ile not indure the storme,

Dud. Nor I.

Wil. Runne foole your maister will be feld else.

King. Did we not charge that none should trouble vs,
Presumptuous priest, proud prelate as thou art,
How comes it you are growne so saucie sir,
Thus to presume vpon our patience,
And crosse our royall thought disturbd and vext,
By all your negligence in our estate,
Of vs and of our countries happinesse.

VVool. My gracious Lord.

King. Fawning beast stand backe:
Or by my crowne, ile foote thee to the earth,
Wheres *Brandon*, *Surrey*, *Seymer*, *Gray*,
Where is your counsell now, O now ye crooch,
And stand like pictures at our presence doore,
Call in our guard, and beare them to the Tower,
Mother of God, ile haue the traitors heads,
Go hale them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp,
Ile make you know your duties to our state,
Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,
Am I not *Hury*, am I not Englands king, Ha.

Will. So la, now the watchwords giuen, nay and hee once cry ha, neare a man in the court dare for his head speake againe, lye close cosin *Patch*.

Patch

Patch. Ile not come neare him cosin, has almost kild
me with his countenance.
King. We haue bene too familiar, now I see,
And you may dally with our maiestie:
Where are my pages there.
Page. My Lord. *Enter pages.*
Kin. Trusse sirra, none to put my garter on,
Giue me some wine, here stuffe a the tother side,
Proud Cardinall who follow'd our affaires in Italy,
That we that honor'd so Pope *Iulius*,
By dedicating bookes at thy request,
Against that vpstart sect of Lutherans,
Should by that hereticke be banded thus,
But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henry* liue,
Ile hunt base *Luther* through all Germany,
And pull those seuen electors on their knees:
If they but backe him against our dignities.
Bace slaue tie soft, thou hurtst my legge,
And now in Ireland the Burkes rebell,
And with his stubborne kernes makes hourely rodes,
To burne the borders of the English pale,
And which of all your counsels helpes vs now.
Enter Cumpton with wine.
Cumpt. Heres wine, my Lord.
Kin. Drinke, and be dambd, I cry thee mercy *Cumpton*,
What the diuell mentst thou to come behind me so,
I did mistake, ile make thee amends for it,
By holy *Paule*, I am so crost and vext,
I knew not what I did, and here at home,
Such carefull statsemen do attend vs,
And lookes so wisely to our common weale,
That we haue ill May-dayes, and riots made:
For lawlesse rebels do disturbe our state,
Twelue times this terme, haue we in person sate,
Both in the starre chamber, and Chauncery courts,
To heare our subiects sutes determined:
Yet tis your office *Woolsie*, but all of you
May make a packehorse of king *Henry* now:
Well, what would ye say.
Wool. Nothing that might displease your maiesty,
I haue a message from the Pope to you.
King. Then keepe it still, we will not heare it yet,

Get all of you away, auoid our presence
Ne cannot yet commaund our patience,
Reach me a chaire.
Brand. Now *wil*, or neuer, make the king but smile,
And with thy mirthfull toyes allay his spleene,
That we his counsell, may conferre with him,
And by my Honor, ile reward thee well,
Too him good *Will.*
Will. Not too fast, I pray, least *will Sommers* here bee seene againe, I knowe his qualities as well as the best in ye: for euer when he's angry, and no body dare speake to him, ye thrust me in by the head and shoulders, and then wee fall to buffits, but I know who has the worst ant: but go, my Lord, stand aside, and stirre not till I call yee, let my cosin *Patch* and I alone, and hee goe to boxing, wele fall both vpon him, thats certaine: but and the worst come, bee sure the Cardinals foole shall pay fort.
Bra. Vse your best skill, good *william*, ile not be seene,
Vnlesse I see him smile.
wil. Where art thou cosin, alas poore foole, he's crept vnder the table, vp cosin, feare nothing, the stormes past, I warrant thee.
Patch. Is the king gon, cosin?
wil. No, no, yonder he sits, we are all friends now,
The Lords are gone to dinner, and thou and I must
waite at the kings table.
Patch. Not I birlady, I would not waite vpon such a Lord, for all the liuings in the land, I thought he would haue kild my Lord Cardinall, he lookt so terribly.
wil. Foe, he did but iest with him, but ile tell thee cosin the rarest tricke to bee reueng'd ast passes, and ile giue thee this fine silke point, and thou'lt do it.
Patch. Obraue, obraue, giue me it cosin, and ile doe
what so ere tis.
wil. Ile stand behind the post here, and thou shalt goe softly stealing behind him, as hee sits reading yonder, and when thou comst close to him, cry boh, and wele scarre him so, he shall not tell where to rest him.
Patch. But will he not be angry?
wil. No, no, for then ile shew my selfe, and after he sees who tis, hele
laffe,

lafe and be as merie as a magge pie, and thow't bee a mayd man by it, for all the houſe ſhall ſee him hugge thee in his armes, & dandle thee vp and down with hand & foot an thou wert a footebal,
Page. O fine come coſen, giue me the pynt firſt, & ile rore ſo lowd that ile make him beleeue that the diuels come.
Will: So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the diuell himſelfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue ſuch a coniuring for twentie crownes: but whē he has made way, ile make him merry enough, I doubt it not, ſo ſo now coſſen looke to your Coxecomb.
Pag: Boe.
King: Mother of God whats that.
Page. Boe.
King: Out aſſe take that and tumble at my feete.
For thus Ile ſpurne thee vp an downe the houſe.
Pach: Helpe coſſen helpe.
Will: No coſſen now he's coniuring. I dare not come neere him.
king. Who ſet this nat'rall heere to trouble me.
En, Comp: Whoſe that ſtands laffing there, the foole, ha, ha,
Wheres *Comptō*. Mother a God I haue found his drift, tis the craftieſt old villaine in chriſtendome, marke good Sir William, becauſe the foole durſt not come neere him ſelfe, ſeeing our anger, ſent this ſillie Aſſe, that we might wreake our royall ſpleene on him; whileſt hee ſtāds laffing to behold the ieſt, bith bleſſed La. (*Cōpton*) Ile not leaue the foole, to gaine a million, he contents me ſo, come hether Will,
Will. Ile know whether ye haue donne knocking firſt, my coſen pach looks pittifully, ye had beſt bee friendes with vs I can tell you, weele ſcare ye out of your ſkin els
King: Alas, poore pach hold ſirra ther's an Angell to buy you points.
Wil. Law Coſin, did not I ſay he'le make much on ye,
Pach: I coſin but has made ſuch a ſinging in my head
I cannot ſee where I am.
Will. All the better coſin and your head fall a ſinging, yourfeete may fall a dauncing & ſo ſaue charges to the piper:
King: Wil *Sommers*, prethee tell me why didſt thou ſend him firſt.
Will. Becauſe ile haue him haue the firſt fruits of thy furie. I knowe how the matter ſtood with the next that diſturb'd thee, therefore I kept ith rereward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run preſently
King. But wherefore came ye.
Will. To make thee leaue thy mellancholly and turne merrie man againe, thou haſt made all the Court in ſuch a pittifull caſe as paſſes,

the Lords has attended here this foure daies, and none dares speake to thee, but thou art readie to choppe of their heads fort: and now I seeing what a fretting furie thou continuest in, and euerie one said twol'd kill thee if thou keepst it, pulld eene vp my heart, and vowd to loose my head, but ile make thee leaue it,

king. Wel I *William* I am beholding to ye.
Ye shall haue a new Coate and a cap for this.

Wil. Nay then, I shall haue two new coats and cap pes, for Charles *Brandon* promised mee one before, to performe this enterprise:

King. He shall keepe his word *will*, goe call him in,
Call in the Lords tell them our spleene is calmbd:
Mother a God we must giue way to wrath,
That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus:
And vse some mirth I see to comfort vs,
Draw neere vs Lords, Charles *Brandon* list to me:
Will *Sommers* here must haue a Coate of you,
But *Patch* has earned it deerest whers the foole?

VVil. Hees enne creeping as nere the doore as he can,
Heele faine begon I see, and he could get out,
Wouldest thou not cosin?

Pach: Yes cosin *VVil.* Ild faine be walking, I am a fraid,
I am not as I should be:

VVil. Come, ile helpe thee out then, dost thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your foole is in a pittifull taking, hee smells terriblie.

Woolf: You are too craftie for him *William*,

King: So is he *Woolsey* credit me.

Wil: I thinke so my Lord, as long as *will* liue, the *Cardinals* foole must giue way to the Kings foole:

K: Well sir bequiet, and my reuerent Lords,
I thanke you for your patient suffering,
We were disturbed in our thoughts we sweare,
We now intreat you speake and we will heare,

Woolf. Then may it please your sacred Maiestie,

Campe. Legate to his holinesse,
Attends with letters from the Court of Rome.

King: Let him draw neere, weele giue him Audience,
Dudley: and *Gray* Attend the *Cardinall*,
And bring *Campeus* to our presence here:

Dud. Gray, We goe my Lord;

Enter

Enter Lords and Legats:

king: *Brandon* and *Seymer*, place your selues by vs;
To heare this message from his holinesse,
You reuerent princes pillers of the Church:
Legats, Apostolicke, how fares the Pope,
Campeus, In health great *King* and from his sacred lips:
I bring a blessing Appostolicall:
To English Henrie and his subiects all:
And more to manifest his loue to thee,
The prop and piller of the Churches peace:
And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him,
In learned books gainst *Luthers* heresie,
He sends me thus to greet thy Maiestie:
VVith stile and titles of high dignitie,
Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth:
Semer: Gentlemen dispatch and call them in:
VVill: Lord blesse vs, whats here to doe now.
Campe, Receaue this Bull sent from his holinesse,
For confirmation of his dignitie,
To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.
VVill: Tis well the Kings a widdower, and he had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, Ide haue mard your message. I can tell ye.
K: Peace *Will:* Herralds attend him:
Campe: Trumpets prepare whilst we allowd pronounce
This sacred message from his Holinesse,
And in his reuerent name I heare proclayme
Henrie the Eight by the grace of *God*,
King of England, France and Ireland:
And to this title, from the *Pope* we giue:
Defender of the faith, in peace to liue:
VVoolf, Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.
K: VVe thanke his holinesse for this princely fauour,
Receiuing it with thankes and reuerence:
In which whilst we haue life, his grace shall see,
Our sword defender of the faith shalbe,
Goe one of you salute the Maior of London,
Bid him with Herralds and with Trumpets sound,
Proclaime our Titles through his gouernment,
Goe *Gray*, see it donne, attend him fellowes:

Gray:

Enter the Constable and Watch, Prichall the Cobler, being one baring a Lant-horne.

Constable. Come neighbours, we haue a straight command,
Our watches be seuerely lookt into:
Much theft and murder was committed lately,
There are two strangers, marchants of the Stillyard
Cruelly slaine, found floating on the Temmes;
And greatly are *Stewes* had in suspect,
As places fitting for no better vse,
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,
Perhaps we may attach the murderer.

1 *Watch.* Nay *I* assure yee maister Constable, those stew-houses are places of much slaughter and redemption, and many cruell deedes of equitie and wickednesse are committed there, for diuers good men loose both their money and their computation by them, I abiure yee; how say you neighbor *Prichall?*

Cob. Neighbour *Capcase*, *I* knowe you're a man of courrage, and for the merry cobler of *Limestreete*, tho I sit as lowe as *Saint Faithes*, *I* can looke as high as *Paules*: *I* haue in my dayes walkte to the stewes as well as my neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to burdering once, and cast men into the *Thames*, I haue done with them, theres no dealing, if they carrie fire in one hand, and water ith tother.

Con. Well maisters we are now plac'st about the Kings busi-(nesse,
And I know ye all sufficient in the knowledge of it,
I need not to repeate your charge againe:
Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,
And if vnruly persons trouble yee,
Call and ile come: so syrs goodnight.

Exit Constable.

1 *Wat.* God-

1 *Wat.* Godyegodnight and twentie syr, I warrant yee, yee neede not reconcile to our charge, vor some on vs has discharged the place this forty yeare *I* am sure. Neighbours what thinke you best to be done?

Cob. Euery man according to his calling neighbour, if the enemie come, here lyes my towne of Garrison, *I* set on him as *I* set on a patch, if he tread on this side, *I* vnderlay him on this side, or prick him through both sides, *I* yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp beth heeles till Sunday.

1 *Wat.* How say yee, by my faith neighbour *Prichall* yee speake to the purpose, for indeed neighbours, euery sencible watch-man is to seeke the best reformation to his owne destruction.

2 *Wat.* But what thinke yee neighbours, if euery man take a nap now, eth fore hand eth night, and goe to bed afterward.

Cob. That were not a misse neither, but and youle take but euery man his pot first, youle sleepe like the man eth Moone yfaith.

2 Doe yee thinke neighbour, there is a man eth Moone?

1 *Wat.* I assure yee in a cleare day, I haue seente at mid-(night.

2 *Wat* Of what occupation is he trow?

Cob. Some thinkes he's a shepheard, because ons dog, some saies he's a baker going to heate his ouen with a bauen ats backe, but the plaine truth is, *I* thinke he was a cobler, for yee know what the song sayes, *I* see a man eth Moone, fie man, fie, I see a man eth Moone, clowting Saint *Peters* shoone, and so by this reason, he should be a cobler.

1 *Wat.* By my sekins he saith true, alas, alas, goodman *Dormouse* hath euen giuen vp the gost already, tis an honest quiet soule *I* warrant yee. (*mouse*?

Cob. It behoues vs all to be so, how doe yee neighbour *Dor-*

Dor. Godspeed yee, Godspeed yee, nay and yee goe a gods-name, I haue nothing to say to yee. (sleepie,

2 Lawe yee, his minds ons businesse, though he be nere so

Cob. Come lets all ioyne with him and steale a nappe, euery man maisters to his seuerall stall.

2 Agreed, Godnight good neighbours.

Cob. Nay, lets take no leaue, ile but winke a while, and see you againe.

Enter King, and Compton, with bils on his backe.

King. Come sir *William*,
We may now stand vpon our gaurd you see,
The watch has giuen vs leaue to arme our selues,
They feare no danger, for they sleepe secure:
Goe carry those bils we tooke to *Baynards Castle*,
And bid *Charles Brandon* to disguise himselfe,
And meet me presently at *Grace Church* Corner,
We will attempt to passe through all the watches,
And so *I* tak't t'will be an easie taske,
Therefore make haste.

Comp. I will my Liege.

King. The watch-word if *I* chance to send to yee,
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, so my name shall bee.

Comp. Inough, weele thinke on it. *Exit.*

Kin. So, now weele forward, soft yonder's light,
I and a watch, and all asleepe burlady:
These are good peaceable subiects, heres none
Beckens to any, all may passe in peace: Ho sirrha.

Cob. Stand, who goes there?

King. A good fellow. Stands a hainous word ethe Kings High way, you haue bene at Noddie, *I* see.

Cob. I, and the first card comes to my hand's a Knaue.

King. I am a Coatecard indeed.

Cob. Then thou must needes be a Knaue, for thou art neither King nor Queene, (*I* am sure) *But* whether goest thou?

King. About a little businesse that *I* haue in hand.

Cob. Then good night, prethy trouble me no longer.

King. VVhy this is easie enough, heres passage at pleasure,
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words
After the foulest fact of Villainie?
That may escape vnseene so easily,
Or what should let him that is so resolu'd.
To murder, rapine, theft, or sacriledge.
I see the Citie are the sleepie heads,

To

To do it, and passe thus vnexamined.
Fond heedlesse men, what bootes it for a King,
To toyle himselfe in this high state affaires,
To summon Parliaments, and call together
The wisest heads of all his Prouinces:
Making statutes for his subiects peace,
That thus neglecting them, their woes increase.
Well, weele further on, soft here comes one,
Ile stay and see, how he escapes the watch.

Enter Blacke Will.

Black Will. So, now *I* am got within the Cittie, I am as safe as in a Sanctuarie: it is a hard world, when *Blacke Will*, for a venture of fiue pound, must commit such pettie robberies at *Mile-ende*, but the plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence *I* had my quartaridge is now growne too hote for me: theres some suspection of a murther lately done vpon two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeede as farre as some fiue or sixe stabs comes too, I confesse *I* had a hand in. But mumbudget, all the Dogges in the towne must not barke at it. I must withdraw awhile till the heate bee ore, remoone my lodging, and liue vpon darke nights and mistie mornings. Now let me then see, the strongest watch in London intercept my passage.

King. Such a Fellow would I faine meete withall:
Well ouertaken syr.

Blacke Will. Sblood come before me syr:
What a Diuell art thou?

King. A man at least.

Black. And art thou valiant?

King. *I* carry a sword and a buckler ye see.

Black. A sword and a buckler, and know not me,
Not *Blacke Will*?

King. No trust mee.

Blacke Will. Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purse-taker: for I tell thee, *Blacke Will* is knowne and feared though the seuenteene Prouinces: theres not a sword

and Buckler man in *England* nor *Europe*, but has had a taste of my manhood. *I* am tole-free in all Cities, & the Subburbs about them: this is my Sconce, my Castle, my Cittadell, and but King *Harry*, God blesse his Maiestie, I feare not the proudest.

King. O yes, some of his guard.

Blacke Will. Let his guard eats beefe and be thankfull, giue me a man wil couer himself with his buckler, and not booge and the diuel come.

King. Me thinkes thou wert better liue at Court as *I* doe, King *Harry* loues a man, I can tell ye.

Blacke Will. Would thou and all the men hee keepes were hangde, and ye loue not him then: but I will not change my reuenues for all his guardes wages.

King. Hast thou such store of liuing?

Blacke will. Art thou a good fellow? May *I* speake freely, and wilt not tel the king ont?

King. Keepe thine owne counsell, and feare not, For of my faith the King shall know no more for mee, then thou telst him.

Will. And I tell him any thing let him hang me: but for thy selfe, *I* thinke if a fat purse come ith way, thou wouldest not refuse it. Therefore leaue the Court and sharke with me, I tell thee, *I* am chiefe commander of all the *Stewes*, theres not a whoore shifts a smocke but by my priuiledge, nor opens her shoppe before I haue my weekely tribute: And to assure thee my valour carryes credite with it, doe but walke with me through the streetes of *London*, and let mee see the proudest watch disturbe vs.

King. I shall be glad of your conduct syr.

Black. Follow me then, and ile tell thee more.

1 *Watch*. Stand, who goes there?

Blac. A good fellow: come close, regard them not.

2. *Watch*. How shall wee know thee to be a good fellow?

Blacke Will. My names *Blacke Will*.

1. *Watch*. Oh, God giue yee good night, good Maister *Blacke William*.

2. *Watch*

2. *Watch.* God boy e sir, *God* boy e,
I am glad we are so well rid on him.

Will. Law sir, you see heres egresse enough,
Now follow me, & you shal see weele haue regresse

1. *Watch.* Hoe comes there? (backe againe.

Cob. Come afore the Constable.

Will. What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

2. *Watch.* O, tis M. *Blacke William*,
God blesse ye sir, God blesse ye.

Black. How likst thou now?

King. Faith excellent: but prethe tell me, doest thou face the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare thee, or art thou truely valiant?

Blacke Will. Sfoote, doest thou doubt of my man-hood? Nay then defend your selfe, ile giue you a tryall presently, betake yee to your tooles sir, ile teach ye to stand vpon *Intergatories.*

King. *I* am for ye, theres neere a man the King keepes shal refuse ye: but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Acte for fighting.

Blacke. As ye please sir: yet because th'art his man, ile obserue it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

King. I am pleasde, haue at you sir. *They fight.*

1. *Watch.* Helpe neighbours, *O* take ye to your browne Billes, call vp the Constable, heres a peece of chance-meddle ready to be committed: set on good-man *Sprichall.*

Cob. Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dormouse*, keepe the kings peace, *I* charge ye, helpe M: Constable.

Enter the Constable.

Con. Keepe the peace, or strike them downe.

Black. Sownes, *I* am hurt, hold *I* say.

2. *Watch.* Let them not passe nieghbours, heres bloodshed drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

Con. Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot, Ile set you where you shall be coole enough.

Blacke Will. Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimse of her light I lost his poynt, & mistooke my ward, had neere brocht my blood else.

Con-

Con. pray sir what are you?

King. I am the Kings man sir, and of his Guard.

Con. More shame you should so much forget your selfe,
For as I takte, tis parcell of your oath,
As well to keepe his peace, as guard his person:
And if a Constable be not present by,
You may as well as he, his place supply:
And seeing yee so neglect your oath and dutie,
Goe bare them to the Counter presently,
There shal yee answere for these misdemeanors.

2 *Wat.* Has broake my head syr, and furthermore it bleeds.

Con. Away with them both, they shall pay thee well ere they come forth, I warrant thee.

Will. I beseech yee syr.

King. Neuer intreat man, we shall haue baile I doubt it not, But maister Constable, I hope youle doe me this fauour, to let one of your watchmen goe of an arrant for me, if I pay him?

Con. With all my heart syr, heres one shall goe.

King. Hold thee good fellowe, heres an angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Castle*, & aske for one *Brandon*, he serues the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great stagge of *Baydon* this night is clapt eth Counter, and bid him come speake with me. Come Constable lets goe, syrrha make hast.

Exit.

Cob. I warrant yon syr, and this be all, ide haue done it for halfe the mony: well, I must enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great stag of *Baydon* is eth Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is some watch-word betweene them: beth masse I doubt hee nere come well by his mony, hees so liberall, well ile forward.

Enter Brandon, and Compton.

Bron. Syr *William*, are you sure it was at *Graces-Church*
His Maiestie appointed we should meete him?
We haue bin there and mist him, what thinke yee syr?

Comp. Good

Comp. Good faith *I* know not.
His Highnesse is too vnterous bold my Lord:
I know he will forsake himselfe in this,
Opposing still against a world of odds.

Bran. Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one,
How now good fellow, whether goest thou?

Cob. It lyes in my authoritie sir,
To aske you that question.
For I am one of the kings watch, *I* can tell ye.

Co. Then perhaps thou canst tel vs some tydings:
Didst thou not see a good lustie tall bigge set man, passe through your watch to night?

Cob. Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to to night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so, that he was laid hold on quickly, and now he is forth comming in the Counter.

Brandon. And whether art thou going?

Cob. Faith sir, has giuen me an Angel, to doe an arrande for him at *Baynards Castle*, to one *Brandon*, that serues the Duke of *Suffolke*: he say es he is his Bed-fellow, and *I* must tell him, the great Stagge of *Baydon*, is eth Counter.

Bran. If thine errande bee to *Brandon*, *I* can saue thee a labour, for I am the man thou lookst for, wee haue beene seeking him almost all this night: hold thee theres an Angel for thy newes, ile baile him *I* warrant thee.

Exit.

Cob. *I* thanke you sir: but hees not so soone baylde, as you thinke for, theres two of the Kings watch has their heads broke, and that must bee answered for, but alls won to mee, let them shuffell as they will, the Angels has flowne about to night, and two guls are light into my handes, and these ile keepe, let him get out as he can.

Exit.

Enter the King in Prison.

King. Hoe *Porter*, whose without there?

Porter. Whats the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to night?

King. No trust me, twill be morning presently,
And *I* haue hope *I* shall be bailde ere then:
I prethe if thou canst, entreate some of the prisoners to keepe
me companie a paire of houres, or so: and weele spend them
ethe rouse of healthes, and all shall be my cost.
Say wilt thou pleasure me?

Port. If that will pleasure ye sir, ye shall not want for company, heres *I* now that can tend it, they haue hunger and ease enough at all times.

King. Theres a couple of Gentlemen in the next roome, *I* prethe let them come in, and thers an *Harry* Soueraigne for thee.

Port. I thanke you sir, *I* am as much beholding to you, as to King *Harry* for it.

Exit.

King. *I*, *I* assure thee thou art,
Well M. Constable, you haue made the Counter
This night, the royall Court of *Englands* King:
And by my crowne *I* sweare, *I* would not for
A thousand pound t'ware otherwise.
The Officers in Cities, now *I* see,
Are like an Orchard set with seuerall Trees,
Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:
And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,
Mony playes fast and loose, purchaces fauour,
And without that, nought but miserie.
A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to mee,
I am vndone (quoth he) and kept in prison,
For one of your fellows that serues the King,
Being bound for him, and he neglecting me,
Hath brought mee to this woe and miserie.
Another Cittizen there is, complaines
Of one belonging to the *Cardinall*,
That in his Maisters name hath taken vp
Commodities, valued at a thousand pound:
The paiment being deferde hath causde him break,
And so is quite vndone. Thus kings & Lords I see,
Are oft abusde by seruants treacherie.

Enter the prisoners.

But whist a whyle, here comes my fellow prisoners.

1. *Prisoner.* Wheres this bullie *Grig*, this lad of life, that will scowre the counter with right renish to night? Oh Sir you are welcome.

King. I thanke ye syr, nay weele be as great as our word, I assure yee. Heere Porter, thers mony, fetch wine I prethe: Gentlemen you cannot bee merry in this melancholy place; but heres a Lad has his heart as light as his purse. Sirra, thou art some mad slaue I thinke, a reguler companion; won that that vses to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

1. *Pri.* Harke ethen eare, thart a good fellow.

King. I am right borne I assure thee.

1. *Pri.* King *Harry* loues a man, and thou a woman:
Shall I teach thee some wit?
And tell thee why I met thee here?
I went and set my limbe twigs, and I thinke
I got some hundred pound,
By a crooked measure at *Coome Parke*:
And now seeing there was watch layde,
And much search for suspitious persons:
I got won as honest as my selfe to arrest me,
By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,
And here *I* know thayle nere seeke me,
And so when the heats ore, *I* am at libertie,
And meane to spend my crownes lustily:
How likst thou this my Bullie?

King. An excellent pollicie. (so.

1. *Pri.* But mum, no words: vse it for your self, or

King. O syr, feare it not, be merry Gentlemen: *Is* not this wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe geust, wheres my sword and buckler-man? wheres *Blacke will*? how now man, melancholy? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands, and be friends. *Will.* My bloods vp still. (hands.

King. When tis at highest twill fall againe, come handes,

Blacke Wil. Ile shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a Sword and *B*uckler, yet thart not right Cauelere, thou knowst not how to vse them, thaste a heauie arme.

King. I a good smart stroke.

Will. Thou cutst my head indeed, but twas no play, thou lavest open enough, *I* could haue entred at my pleasure.

King. Nay *I* haue stout guard I assure ye.

Will. Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue borne thy Buckler here, thou letteſt it fall to thy knee, thou gaueſt mee a wipe, but twas meere chaunce: but had we not beene parted, I had taught ye a little Schoole play I warrant ye. *Brandon speakes within.*

Brandon. What hoe, porter: who keepes the gates there?

Porter. Who knockes so fast?

Enter Brandon and Compton hastily.

Compt. Stand by sirrah.

Porter. Keepe backe I say, whither wil ye presse amongst the prisoners?

Bran. Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

Port. Why sir, the courts not kept eth Counter to day.

Bran. Yes when the king is there,
All happinesse betide our Soueraigne.

Will. Sownes king *Harry.*

1. *Pri.* Lord *I* beseech thee no.

All. We all intreat your grace to pardon vs.

King. Stand vp good men: beshrew ye *Brandon* for discouering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but theres no remedie now, the worst is this,
The court good fellowes must be remoued the sooner,
Ye all are courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come forward,
Euen now you know we were more familiar:
You see pollicies holdes not alwayes currant,
I am found out, and so *I* thinke will you be:
Goe *Porter* let him be remoued to *Newgate*,
This place *I* see is too secure for him:
Weele send you further word for his bestowing.

1. *Pri.* I beseech your Grace.

King. Theres no grace in thee, nor none for thee:
Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

Will. Sownes *I* shall to *Tyburne* presently.

King. Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrongde by my seruants and the *Cardinals*, shall giue me neerer notes of it,

Both

Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee:
Send your petitions to the Court to me,
And doubt not but you shall haue remedie:
Theres fortie Angels, drinke to King *Harries* health,
And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may do:
The which their maisters nere consent vnto.

2 *Pris.* God blesse your Maiesty with happy life,
That thus respects your wofull subiects griefe.

King. Where's *Black Will*, nay come neerer man,
I came neerer you, though yee misliste my play.

Will. Beth Lord, your Maiesties the best sword and buckler man in *Europe*, ye lye as close to your wards, carrie your point as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant Fence-play.

King. Nay now yee flatter me.

Will. Foregod yee broake my head most gallantly.

King. I But twas but by chance ye know, but now your heads broke, you looke for a plaster *I* am sure.

Will. And your grace will giue me leaue, *Ile* put it vp and goe my waies presently.

King. Nay soft syr, the Keeper wil denie yee that priuiledge, Come hither syrrha, because ye shal know King *Harrie* loues a man, & *I* perceiue theres some mettall in thee, theres twentie Angels for thee, marrie it shall be to keepe yee in prison still, till we haue further vse for ye. *If* yee can breake through watches with egres and regres so valiantly, ye shal doote amongst your countries enemies.

Will. The wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my chaire of state, create me but a tattord Corporall, and giue me some preheminēce ouer the vulgar hot-shots, and *I* beat them not forward to as braue attempts, and march my selfe *I*th Vantguard, as ere carierd against a Castle wall, break my head in two places more, and consume me with the mouth of a double culuering, *Ile* liue and dye with thee sweet King.

King T will be your best course sir, goe take him in,
V. When we haue need of men, weele send for him.

Will. God blesse your maiestie, ile goe drinke to your health.

Exit.

King. Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for our lodging,

Nay indeed *I* doe, I know had ye known vs, it had bin better,
Praie tell the Constable that brought vs hither,
We thanke him, and commend his faithful seruice.
Gentlemen lets heare from you, & so *God* morrow,
Keeper, theres for my fees, discharge the offices;
And giue them charge that none discouer vs,
Till we are past the citie: in this disguise we came,
Weele keepe vs still, and so depart againe.
Once more God morrow, you may now report,
Your conuter was one night king *Henries* court.
Away and leaue vs, *Brandon* what further newes? (*Exit.*
Bran. The old king of *France* is dead my Liege,
And left your sister *Mary* a young widdow.
King. God forbid man, what not so soone *I* hope,
She has not yet bin married fortie daies:
Is this newes certaine?
Bran. Most true my Lord.
King. Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow,
Before thy wedding robes be halfe worne out:
We must then prepare black funerall garments too,
Well, weele haue her home, the league is broake:
And weele not trust her safetie with the *French*.
Charles Brandon, you shall goe to *France* for her,
See that your traine be richly furnished,
And if the daring *French*, braue thee in attempts
Of honour, Barriers, Tilt, and Turnament:
So to retaine her, bare thee like thy selfe,
An *English* man, dreadlesse of the prowdest:
And highly scorning lowly hardinesse.
Bran. *I* shall my Soueraigne, and in her honour,
Ile cast a challenge through all the court:
And dare the proudest Peere in *France* for her.
King. Commend me to the Ladie *Catherine Parry*,
Giue her this Ring, tell her on sunday next
She shall be Queene, and crownde at *Westminster*:
And *Anne* of *Cleaue* shall be sent home againe:
Come syrs, weele leaue the citie, and the counter now,
The day begins to breake, lets hye to court,

And once a quarter we desire such sport.

Exit.

Enter the Cardinall reading a letter, Bonner in his Bishops Roabes.

Wol. My reuerent Lord of *London*,
Our trustie friend, the king of *France* is dead,
And in his death, our hopes are hindred:
The Emperour too, mislikes his praises,
But we shall crosse him fort *I* doubt it not:
And tread vpon his pompe imperiall,
That thus hath wrongde the English Cardinall.

Bon. Your graces letters by *Campeans* sent,
I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

Wol. *I* that must be our safest way to worke,
Monie will make vs men, when men stand out:
The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,
Hath made an offer to the *Cardinalls*,
Of threescore thousand pound, which we will pay,
Three times thrice double, ere we lose the day.

Enter Will Sommers and Patch.

Patch. Come cousen *William*, Ile bring yee to my Lord *Cardinall* presently.

Will. I thanke yee cousen, and when you come to the court, Ile bring you to the King againe, yee knowe cousen, he gaue yee an angell.

Patch. *I* but he gaue me such a blow oth eare for it, as *I* care not for comming Ins sight againe while I liue.

Wol. How now *Patch*, who haue you got there? what *Will Sommers*, welcome good *William*.

Will. *I* thanke your grace, I hard say your Lordship had made two new Lords here, and so the two old fooles are come to waite on them.

Bon. VVe thanke yee *VVilliam*.

Patch Your Lordship will be wel guarded, & we follow ye,

The

The Kings foole, and the Cardinalls, and we are no small fooles I assure yee.

Will. No indeede, my cousen *Patch* here is something too square to be set on your shooe, marry and youle weare him on your shoulder, the foole shall ride yee.

Wol. A shrewde foole *Bonner*, come hither *William*, I haue a quarrell to you since our last ryming.

Will. About your faire Leman at *Charlton* my Lord, I remember.

Bon. You speake plaine *William*.

Will. Yee neuer knew foole a flatterer I warrant yee.

Wol. Well *Will*, Ile try your ryming wits once more,
What say you to this?
The bells hang high, and lowd they cry, what do they speake?

Will. If you should dye, theres none would cry, though your neck should breake.

Wol. You are something bitter *Will*: But come on, once more I am for yee. A rod in schoole, a whip for a foole, is alwaies in season.

Will. A halter and a rope, for him that would be pope,
Against all right and reason.

Wol. Hees too hard for me still, Ile giue him ouer, come tell me *Will*, whats the newes at Court?

Will. Marry my Lord, they say the King must be married this morning.

Wol. Married *Will*, to whom I prethee?

Will. Why to my Lady *Catherin Parry*, I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go together shortly.

Wol. Holy Saint *Peter* shield his Maiestie,
She is the hope of *Luthers* heresie:
If she be Queene, the Protestants will swell,
And *Cranmer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,
Will boldly speake gainst *Romes* Religion,
But *Bishops* weele to Court immediately,
And plot the downfall of these *Lutherans*:
You two are Tutors to the Princes *Mary*,

Still

Still ply her to the *Popes* obedience,
And make her hate the name of Protestants:
I doe suspect that *Latimer* and *Rich*,
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,
Are not sound Catholickes, nor friendes to *Rome*,
If it be so, weele soone remoue them all:
Tis better they should dye, then thousands fall.
Come follow vs. *Manie*, *Will*, and *Patch*.

Exit omnes.

Will. Your Lords mad, till he be at the wedding, twas maruell the King stole it so secretly and nere told him ont, but alls one, if he be married, let him play with his Queene to night, and then to morrow heele call for me, theres no foole toth wilfull still. What shall we doe cousen?

Patch. Ile goe get the key of the wine-seller, and thou and Ile keepe a passage there to night.

Will. VVe haue but a little wit betweene vs already cousen, and so we should haue none at all.

Patch. VVhen our wits be gone, weele sleepe eth sellor, and lye without our wits for one night.

Will. Content, and then eth morning weele but wet them with an other cup more, and thaile shaue like a rasor all day after. Come close good cuzze, let no bodie goe with vs, least they be drunke before vs, for fooles are innocents, and must be accessarie to no mans ouerthrow.

Exit.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter King, Queene Katherine, Cardinall, Semer, Dudly, Gray.
Enter Compton, crying Hoboyes.

King. VVelcome Queene *Katherine*, seat thee by our side,
Thy sight faire Queene, by vs thus dignified,
Earles, Barrons, Knights, and Gentlemen,
Against yee all, weele be chiefe challenger,
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Turnament,
In honour of the faire Queene *Katherine*.

Queene. VVe thanke your highnesse, and beseech your grace,

Forbeare such hazard of your royall person,
Without such honors is your handmaid pleasde,
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,
That may beseeme your sacred Maiestie.

King. God a mercie, but where are our children?
Prince *Edward*, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*,
The royall *Issue* of three famous Queenes,
How haps we haue not seene them here to day?

Dud. They all my Liege attend your maiestie,
And your faire queene, so within the presence here.

King. 'Tis well, *Dudhe* call *Cranmer* in,
He is chiefe Tutor to our Princely sonne,
For precepts that concerne diuinitie.

Enter Cranmer.

And here he comes, *Cranmer*, you must ply the Prince,
Let his wast howers be spent in getting learning:
And let those linguists for choyce languages,
Be carefull for him in their best indeuours,
Bid Doctor *Tye*, ply him to Musicke hard,
Hees apt to learne, therefore be diligent,
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

Cran. Our care and duty shall be had my Lord.

King. We thanke yee.
I tell thee *Cranmer* he is all our hopes,
That what our age shall leaue vnfinished,
In his faire raigne shall be accomplished.
Goe and attend him, how now *Wil Sommers*, whats the newes with you?

Enter Will Sommers.

Vvil. I come to bid thee and thy new Queene Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, prouide ciuill Orenges enough, or heele haue a Lemmon shortly.

Queene. Godamercie *Vvill*, thout tell me then, wilt thou (not?

Vvill. I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me; but doest heare *Harry*, because Ide haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought thee some petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as children say grace, more for fashion

then

then deuotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to be soonest heard, because they beg for Godsake, therefore *I* prethee dispatch them.

King. Reade them *Semer.*

Semer. The humble petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her distressed son, that in his owne defence, vnhappily hath slaine (a man.

King. The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy mother,
Her sonne has had our pardon twise alreadie,
For two stout subiects that his hand hath slaine.

Will. And any had said so but thou *Harry*, Ide haue tolde him a lyde, hee nere kild but one, thou kildst the tother: for and thou hadst hang'd him for the first, the two last had bin aliue still.

King. The foole tels true, they wrong our Maiestie
That seeke our pardon for such cruelties:
Away with it.

Will. Giue me it againe, *It* shall nere be seene more I assure ye: and I had knowne tad come for that purpose, *It* should nere haue bin brought for *Will I* warrant yee.

Se. This other comes from two poore prisoners eth counter.

King. We know the inside then, come giue them me,
Lord Cardinall, heres one is dedicated to you.
How! read it: whose there? *Compton* enquire for *Rookesbie* a Groome of the wardrope, and bring him hither.

Comp. *I* will.

King. Cardinall, what find yee written there?

Wol. Mine own discredit, and the vndoing of an honest citizen, by a false seruant.

Will. T is not your foole my Lord *I* warrant ye.

Wol. No will?

Will. I thought so, I knewe twas one of your knaues, for your fooles are harmelesse.

Queen. Welsed Will, thou louest thy maisters credit I know.

Will. *I Kate*, as well as any Courtier he keepes:
I had rather hee should haue the poores prayers, then the Popes.

Queene. Faith *I* am of thy mind *Will*, I thinke so too.

King. Take heed what yee say *Kate*, what a Lutheran?

Wol. Tis Heresie faire Queene, to thinke such thoughts.

Queene. And much vncharity to wrong the poore?

Will. VVell, and when the Pope is at best, hee is but *Saint Peters* debutie, but the poore, present Christ, and therefore should be something better regarded.

King. Goe too foole.

Wol. Syrrha, youle be whipt for this.

Will. Would the King wood whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of *England* once, for betweene yee, yee haue rackt and puld it so, we shal be all poore shortly, you haue had foure hundred threescore pound within this three yeare for smoake-pence, you haue smoakte it yfaith: dost heare *Harry*, next time they gather them, let them take the chimnies, and leaue the coyne behind them, wee haue clay enough to make bricke, though we want siluer mines to make mony.

King. VVell *William* your tongue is priuiledgde.

VVol. But my good Liege, *I* feare theres shroder heads Although kept close, has set this foole a worke, Thus to exstirpe against his holinesse.

Will. Doe not you thinke so my Lord, nor stomake no-bodie about it: yee know what the old Prouerbe saies, therefore be patient, great quarrellers small credit winnes: VVhen fooles set stooles, and wise men breake their shinnes: therefore thinke not on it, for *Ile* sit downe by thee *Kate* and say nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

Enter Compton and Rookesbie.

King. O syr, you're welcome, Is your name *Rookesbie*?

Rookes. your poore seruant is so calde my Lord.

King. Our seruant we gesse yee by the cloath yee weare, but for Your pouertie tis doubtful, your credit is so good. Lets see whats the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?

Rookesbie

Rookesby, Hopkins? No my Lord.
King. Had you neuer no dealings with such a man?
Rookes. No, if it like your Maiestie.
King. No, if it like our Maiestie, saucie varlet:
It likes not our Maiestie, thou shouldst say no:
It likes vs not, thou lyest, for that we know.
You know him not, but he too well knowes you,
And lyes imprisoned slaue, for whats thy due.
Rookes. Sure some enuious man hath misinformd.
King. Darst thou denie it still, out-facing knaue,
Mother a God, ile hang thee presently.
Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the kings cloath,
Yet we dare tell ye so before the king:
Slaue thou doest know him.
He here complaines he is vndone by thee,
And the kings man hath causde his miserie.
Yet youle out-face it still, denie, forsweare, and lie sir, ha?
Wil. Not a word more, if thou loues thy life, vnlesse thou't confesse all, and speake faire.
Rookes. I doe beseech your Grace.
K. Out periurde knaue, what doest thou serue the (King,
And darste thou thus abuse our Maiestie:
And wrong my subiects by thy trecherie?
Thinkst thou false theefe, thou shalt be priuiledged
Because thart my man, to hurt my people: (nour:
Villaine, those that guard me, shal regard mine ho-
Put off that coate of proofe, that strong securitie:
Vnder which ye march like a halbertere,
Passing through purgatorie, and none dare strike:
A Seriants mace must not presume to touch
Your sacred shoulders with the kings owne writ,
Gods deere Lady, does the cloath ye weare,
Such priuiledge and strong preuention beare.
Ha, ist *Rookesby*?
Rookes. My royall Lord.
Enter a Messenger in haste.
King. Take that, and know your time to tell your
Message: Sirra, I am busie.

Will. So, theres one ſeru'd: *I* thinke you would take two more with all your heart, ſo you were well rid on him.

Rookeſ. Your pardon good my Liege.

King. Ha, pardon thee? I tell thee did it touch thy life in ought, more then mine owne diſpleaſure, not the world ſhould purchaſe it, vilde Catiffe: hadſt thou neglected this thy dutie to our perſons danger: Hadſt thou thy ſelfe againſt me ought attempted, *I* might bee ſooner wonne to pardon thee, then for a ſubiects hatefull iniurie.

Queene. Let me entreat your Grace to pardon him.

King. Away *Kate*, ſpeake not for him,
Out of my ſemtie *I* let him liue,
Diſcharge him from my cloath and countenance,
To the Counter to redeeme his creditor,
Where he ſhall ſatiſfie the vtmoſt mite
Of any debt, default or hindrance:
Ile keepe no man to blurre my credite ſo,
My cloth ſhall not pay what my ſeruants owe.
Away with him. *Exit.*
Now my Lord *Cardinal*, ſpeakes not your paper ſo?

Car. Yes my good Lord, your Grace hath ſhowne a patterne, to draw forth mine by, *I* aſſure your Highneſſe,
The puniſhment inflicted on your man,
Is ment for mine ſeruants that beares ſuch mindes,
Their Maiſters thus but ſerues them in their kindes.

King. Wheres this fellow now that brings this newes?

Will. He is gone with a flea in his eare: But has left his Meſſage behind with my Lord *Dudley*, here.

King. And whats the newes?

Dudlye. Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

King. Oh, hees returnde from *France*;
And who comes with him?

Dudlye. His royall wife, my Lord.

King. Ha! royall wife: whoſe that?

Dud. Your Highneſſe ſiſter, the late Q. of *France*.

King. Our ſiſter Q. his wife: who gaue him her?

Gra. Tis ſed they were maried at *Douer*, my liege.

King. T were better he had nere ſeen the Towne.

Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with ours, without our leaue?

Enter Brandon and Mary.

Dudly. He comes himself my Liege, to answere it.

Bran. Health to my Soueraigne.

King. And our brother king, your Message is before ye sir: Off with his head.

Bran. I beseech your Grace giue me leaue.

King. Nay you haue taken leaue, away with him, bid the Captaine of our Guard, conuey him to the Tower.

Bran. Heare me my Lord.

Audatious *Brandon*, thinkst thou excuse shall serue.

Lady Mary. Right gracious Lord.

King. Go too, your prayers will scarce saue your selfe, Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge? Hence with that hare-braine, Duke to the Tower *I* say, And beare our careless sister to the Fleete: I know syr, you broke a Launce for her, And brauely did vnhorse the Challengers: Yet was there no such prize set on her head, That you without our leaue should marry her.

Queen. Oh my Lord, let me intreat for them.

King. Tut *Kate*, though thus *I* seeme Awhile to threaten them, *I* meane not to disgrace my sister so: A way with them. What say ye Lords, *I*s he not worthy death for his misdeed?

Bon. & Gar. Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.

King. *He* deserues it then?

Bon & Gar. *He* does my Liege.

King. You are knaues and fooles, and ye flatter me: Gods holy Mother, Ile not haue him hurt, for all your heads: Deare *Brandon*, *I* imbrace thee in mine armes: Kind sister, *I* loue you both so well. *I* cannot dart another angry frowne To gaine a kingdom: here take him *Marie*, *I* hold the happier in this English choyce,

Then

Then to be Q. of *France*: *Charles*, loue her well.
And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*.
Bran. The league is broke betwixt the Emperor
And the yong king of *France*: Forces are mustring
On ether part my Lord, for horse and foote.
Hot variance is expected speedily,
The Emperor is marching now to *Landersey*,
There to inuade the townes of *Burgondie*.
King. God and S. *George*, weele meet his Maiesty,
And strike a league of Christian amitie.
Lord *Cardinall*, you shall to *France* with speed,
And in our name salute the Emperor,
Weele giue direction for your Embassage.
The next faire wind, shall make vs *France* to greet,
Where *Charles* the Emperor, and king shall meete.
Exit Omnes.

Enter Cranmor, Doctor Tye: and yonng Browne, meets them with the Princes cloake and hat.

Cran. How now yong *Browne*, what haue you there?
Brown. The Princes cloake and hat, my Lord.
Cran. Where is his Grace?
Browne. At Tennis, with the *Marquesse Dorset*.
Cran. You and the Marquesse, draw the Princes
To follow pleasure, & neglect his booke: (mind
For which the King blames vs. But credite me,
You shall be soundly paide immediately. (away.
Brow. I pray ye good my L. ile goe call the Prince
Crã. Nay, now ye shal not, whose within there ho?
Seruant. My Lord. (straite
Cran. Goe beare this yongster to the Chappel,
And bid the M. of the Children whippe him well:
The Prince will not learne sir, and you shall smart for it.
Bro. O good my L. *Ile* make him ply his booke to morrow.
Cran. That shall not serue your turne, away *I* say. *Exit.*
So sir, this pollicie was well deuisde: Since he was whipt thus for the Princes faults,

His

His Grace hath got more knowledge in a month,
Than he attained in a yeere before,
For ſtill the fearefull boy to ſaue his breech,
Doth hourely haunt him whereſo ere he goes.

Tye. Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,
As loath to ſee him puniſht for his faults,
Plays it of purpoſe to redeeme the boy,
But pray my Lord, lets ſtand aſide awhile,
And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him,

Cra. See where the boy comes and the Kings Foole with him;
Lets not be ſeene, but liſt their conference.

Will. Nay boy, and ye crie youle ſpoyle your eye ſight, come, come truſſe vp your hoſe, you muſt hold faſt your winde, both before and behinde, and blow your noſe.

Browne, For what Foole?

Will. Why for the mote in thine eye, is there not won in't, wherefore doſt thou crie elſe?

Br. I prethy *Will* go cal the Prince from the Tenniſcourt.

Will. Doſt thou cry for that? nay then I ſmell a Ratte, the Prince has playd the Trewant to day, and his Tutors has drawne blood of thy buttocks fort: why boy tis honourable to be whipt for a Prince.

Bro. I would he would either leaue the Tenniſcourt and ply his Booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courtier.

Will. I, for ile be ſworne thy breech lyes ith Haſſard about it, but looke litle Ned, yonder he comes.

Enter the Prince, and the young Marqueſſe with their Rackets, diuers attending.

Marq. Some Rubbers for the Prince.

Seruant. Here my good Lord.

Prince. One take our Rackets, and reach my Cloake, By my faith Marques, you are too hard for me.

Ma. Your Grace will ſay ſo, though ye ouer-match me.

Pr. Why how now *Browne*, whats the matter?

Bro. Your Grace loyters, and will not ply your booke, and your Tutors has whipt me for it.

Pr. Alas poore Ned, I am ſorrie for it, I'le take the more

paynes, and intreat my Tutors for thee: yet in troth, the lectors they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ouid*, I am perfect in: onely I confesse I am something behinde in my Greeke Authors.

Wil. And for that speech, they haue declynde it vpon his breech.

Prin. And for my logicke, thou shalt witnesse thy selfe I am perfect: for nowe will I proue, that though thou wert whipt for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

Mar. Ile hardly beleeue you my Lord, though Ramus himselfe should proue it: well, *probe*.

Pr. Marke my Probleme.

Bona virga facit bonum puerum:
Bonum est, te esse bonum puerum:
Ergo bona verga, res bona est: And that's this, Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: t'is good that thou shouldst be a good boy: (*ergo*) therefore a good rod is good.

Wil. Nay berladie, the better the rodde is, it's the worse for him, that's certaine: but do'st heare me, boy; since hee can prooue a rodde to bee so good, let him tak't himselfe next time.

Prin. In trueth, I pittie thee, and inwardly I feele the stripes thou bearest, and for thy sake, Ned, ile plie my booke the faster; in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy seruice: come *Browne*, kneele downe.

Wil. What, wilt thou knight him, Ned?

Pr. I will; my father ha's knighted many a one, tha neuer shedde drop of blood for him; but hee ha's often so mee.

Wil. O braue! hee lookes like the myrrour of knighthood already.

Enter Crumpt. Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, th King is comming.

Pr. The King? gods me, reach me my booke: call m Tutors in: come *Browne*, Ile confirme thy knighthood afor the King.

Ente

Enter the King.

Mar. Here bee your Tutors, my Lorde, and yonder the King comes.

Pri. Health to your Maieſtie.

King. Godamercy Ned; I, at your booke ſo hard, t'is well, t'is well; now Biſhop *Cranmar*, and good doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallory, and thought to haue had your Scholler with me, but ſeeing you'r ſo buſie, Ile not trouble him, come on Wil, come, goe you along with me, what make you among the ſchollers here?

Wil. I come to learne my quy que quod to keepe mee from the rod: marre here's one was whipt in pudding time for he ha's gotten a knighthood about it: looke old Harry, doe's he not looke more furious then he was wont.

King. Who Wil, young Browne, Gods Mary mother, his father is a gallant Knight, as any theſe ſouth partes of England holds.

Wil. He cannot compare with his ſonne tho, if hee were right *donſal delphebus*, or the very knight of the Sunne himſelfe, yet this knight ſhall vnhorſe him.

King. When was he made a knight Wil.

Wil. Marry ithe laſt action, I can aſſure you, there was hot ſeruice, and ſome on vm came ſo neere him, they had like to ſmelt ont: but when all was done, t he poore gentleman was pittifuly wounded in the back partes, as may appeare by the ſcarre, if his kſiightſhip would but vntruſſe there.

King. But who knighted him, William?

Wil. That did Ned here: and he has earnd it too, for I am ſure, this two yeere he has bin laſht, for his learning.

King. Ha, how, come hither Ned, is this true?

Pr. It is, my Lord, and I hope your highneſſe wil confirme my deed.

King. Confirme it, Gods holy mother, what ſhrode boyes are theſe? Cranmar and Tye, do yee obſerue the Prince, I nowe by my Crowne young Ned thou haſt honord me.

I like thy kingly ſpirit that loues to ſee
Thy friendes aduanc't to types of dignitie.

Young Knight come hether, what the Prince hath done
We here confirme, be ſtill *Sir Edward Browne*:
But heare ye *Ned*, now you haue made him Knight,
You muſt giue him ſome liuing, or elſe tis nothing.

Will. I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forma papris*, for a Knight without liuing is no better than an ordinarie Gallant.

King. Well, what will ye giue him *Ned*?

Prince. When I haue heard of ſomething that may doe him good, I will entreat your Maieſtie for him, and ith meane time from mine owne allowance Ile maintaine him.

King. Tis well ſayd: but for your ſake *Sonne Edward*, wele prouide for him; *Cranmar*, ſee preſently a Pattent drawne, wherein wee will confirme to him from our Exchequor a Thouſand Markes a yeere.

Browne. I thanke your Maieſtie.
And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for ye.

Will. Now if your Tutors come to whip ye, you may chuſe whether youle vntruſſe byth order of armes.

King. Well *Ned*, ſee ye plye your learning, and lets haue no more Knightes made in this Action, looke to him *Browne*, if hee loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for't.

Browne. I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now.

King. Berladie Sir, thats doubtfull.

Will. If they doe, he ſhall make thee a Lord, and then they dare not.

King. Well *Cranmar* wele leaue ye, when your pupyll has done his taske ye ſet him now, let him come and viſite vs: on Gentlemen into the Gallerie.

Pr. Heauen keepe your Maieſtie.
Gentlemen draw neere.

Exit.

Tye. God morrow to your Grace.

Prince. God morrow Tutors at noone, tis God euen, is it not?

Cran. We ſaw not your Grace to day.

Prince.

Prince. O ye quippe me cunningly for my Trewantship, that I was not at my Booke to day, but I haue thought of that ye read last night, I assure ye.

Cran. We doubt it not faire Prince: Lords, Gentlemen giue leaue.

Will. All voide the rowme, theres but Schollers and Fooles.

Cr. I hope your excellence can answere me in that axiom of Philosophie, I propounded to ye.

Prince. I promise ye Tutor, tis a Probleme to me, for the difference of your Authors opinions, makes me differ in mine owne: some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that euerie liuing creature is, or man, or beast.

Will. Then a womans a beast, for shees no man.

Pr. Peace *William* youle be expul'st else: And againe some Authors affirme, that euerie beast is foure-footed.

Will. Then a Fooles no beast, for he has but two.

Prince. Yet againe *Will.*

Will. Mum *Ned*, no words, Ile be as still as a small bagpipe.

Cra. Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia: And thus tis prooued my Lord, *Omne Animal, est rationalis, vel irrationalis, homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis,*

Ergo omne Animal homo est, vel Bestia:

Mongst all the creatures in this Vniuerse,
Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,
Man onely reason hath, others onely sence,
So what is onely sensuall, in not man, but beast:
For man both sence and reason hath:

So euerie creature, hauing one of these, is sure or man, or best: and though all beasts are not foure-footed.

Will. Thats certaine a louse has sixe.

Cran. I beseech your Grace.

Pr. Away *William.*

Will. Not a word more as I am *William.*

Cr. For many beasts haue winges seruing in stead of feet, and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cornutum non habet dentes supremas*, No horned beast hath

teeth aboue the roofe.

Will. Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

Pr. Thrust the Foole out of the presence there.

W. Well, *Cedant arma toge*, The schollers shall haue the fooles place. *Exit Will.*

Pr. Well *Cranmar*, you haue made me able to prooue a man no beast, if he prooue not himselfe so, wele now leaue this: And now resolue me for Diuinitie, *Cranmar* I loue ye, and I loue your Learning, speake and wele heare ye: God giue ye truth that you may giue it me,
This Land ye know stands wauering in her Faith,
Betwixt the Papists and the Protestants,
You know we all must die, and this flesh
Part, with her part of immortalitie,
Tutor, I doe beleeue both Heauen and Hell:
Doe you know any third place for the soules abode
Cald'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,
For from my Sister *Marie* and her Tutors,
I haue oft receiued Letters to that purpose:
I loue ye *Cranmar*, and shall beleeue what ere ye speake,
Therefore I charge ye tell the truth. (gatorie or no?

Cran. How thinkes your Grace, is there a place of Pur-

P. Truly I think none, yet must I vrge to you whats layd
To me, this world you know hath ben fiue Thousand yeres
Still encreasing, still decreasing, still repleniſh't,
How long it will be, none know's but he that made it,
We al do cal our selus Gods children, yet sure some are not,
But think ye Tutor that the compasse of that heauen & hell,
Is able to containe those soules so numberlesse,
That euer breathed since the first breath was giuen,
Wthout a *Tertium*, or a third place.
Who puts these doubts within your Graces head
Are like their owne beleese, slite, and vnregarded,
And is as easily answered and confuted:

Quod est infinitum, non habet finem,
Cælum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum:
Ergo Cælum, est infinitum.

That which is infinite hath no end at all,

That did concord heauen, earth, and hell to be
Is of himselfe all infinite, that heauen and hell are so,
His power, his workes, and wordes doe witnesse it,
For what is infinite, hath in it selfe no end,
Then must the heauens which is his glorious seat,
Be incomprehensible containing him,
Then what should neede a third place to containe,
A world of Infinites so vast and mayne.

Pr. I thanke ye *Cranmer*, and doe beleeue ye
What other proofes haue been maintayn'd to me
Or shalbe, you shall know and ayd me in them:
Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor *Tye*
Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw nere: Indeed I take much

Tye. In Musick may your Grace euer delight, (delight in ye
Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings,
And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

Pr. Truely I loue it yet there are a sort
Seeming more pure than wise, that will vpbrayd at it,
Calling it idle, vaine, and friuolous.

Tye. Your Grace hath sayd, indeed they doe vpbrayd
That terme it so, and those that doe are such
As in themselues no happie concords hold,
All Musicke jars with them, but sounds of good,
But would your Grace a while be patient,
In Muscikes praise, thus will *I* better it.
Musicke is heauenly, for in *Heauen* is Musicke,
For there the Seraphins doe sing continually,
And when the best was borne, that euer was man,
A Quire of Angels sang for ioy of it,
What of Celestiall was reueald to man,
Was much of Musicke, tis sayd the beasts did worship
And sang before the Deitie supernall,
The kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,
And with his Musicke charmd the heart of *Saule*,
And if the Poet fayle vs not my Lord,
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones
To mooue, irrationall beast, and birds to daunce
And last, the Trumpets Musicke shall awake the dead,

And cloath their naked bones in coates of flesh,
T'appeare in that high house of Parliament,
When those that gnash their Teeth at Musicke sound,
Shall make that place where Musicke nere was found.

Pr. Thou giuest it perfect life, skilfull Doctor
I thanke thee for the honour'd praise thou giuest it,
I pray thee lets heare it too.

Tye. Tis readie for your Grace, giue breath to your loude (tun'd instruments.
Loude Musicke.

Pr. Tis well, me thinkes in this sound I prooue a come-
As Musicke, so is man gouern'd by stops, (pleat age,
Aw'd by diuiding notes, sometimes aloft,
Sometime below, and when he hath attain'd,
His high and loftie pitch, breathed his sharpest and most
Shrillest ayre, yet at length tis gone,
And fals downe flat to his conclusion, (*Soft Musicke.*)
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,
A milder straine, another kinde agreement,
Yet mong'st these many stringes, be one vntun'd
Or jarreth low, or hyer than his course
Not keeping steddie meane among'st the rest,
Corrupts them all, so doth bad men the best.

Tye. Inough, let voyces now delight his princely eare.
A Song.

Pr. Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,
I oft haue heard my Father merrily speake,
In your hye praise, and thus his Highnesse sayth,
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath
For Musicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,
Admir'rd for skill in Musickes harmonie.

Tye. Your Grace doth honor me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more, I doe beseech your Excellence
To daine, to Patronize this homely worke,
Which I vnto your Grace haue dedicate.

Pr. What is the Title?

Tye. The Acts of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,
Which I haue set in seuerall parts to sing,
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembred.

Ile peruſe them, and ſatiſfie your paines,
And haue them ſung within my fathers Chappell:
I thanke yee both. Now Ile craue leaue a while
To be a little idle: pray let our lingguiſtes,
French and Italians, to morrow morne be ready,
I muſt confer with them, or I ſhall leeſe
My little practiſe, ſo God-den good Tutors. *Exit,*

Cran. Health to your Highneſſe, God increaſe your dayes:
The hope of *England*, and of learnings praiſe.

Enter Bonner and Gardiner reading.

Bon. What haue yee here my Lord of Wincheſter?

Gard. Heriticall and damned hereſies,
Precepts that *Cranmers* wiſdome taught the Prince,
The Pope and we are held as heritickes,
What thinkſt thou *Bonner* of this waurring age?

Bon. As Sea-men do of ſtormes, yet hope for faire wether,
Berlady *Gardiner* we muſt looke about,
The Proteſtants begin to gather head,
Luther hath ſowne well, and Englands ground
Is fatte and fertile to increaſe his ſeed,
Heres loftie plants, what, biſhops and Prelats,
I nobilitie temporall, but we ſhall temper all
At the returne of our high Cardinall.

Gar. Bonner tis true, but in meane time we muſt
Preuent this ranckor that now ſwels ſo big,
That it muſt out or breake, they haue a dangerous head,
And much I feare.

Bon. What not the King I hope?

Gard. Tis doubtfull he will bend, but ſure
Queene *Katherens* a ſtrong *Lutheran*, hard yee not
How in preſence of the King and Cardinall,
She did exſterp againſt his Holineſſe.

Bon. But had our Engliſh Cardinall once attaind,
The high poſſeſſion of Saint *Peters* Chaire,
Heed barre ſome toungs that now haue ſcope too much,
Tis he muſt doo't *Gardiner*, 'tis a perilous thing,
Queene *Katherin* can do much with Englands King.

Gard. I *Bonner*, thats the ſumme of all,

There must be no Queene, or the Abbies fall,
Bon. See where she comes with the Kings Sister,
And from the Princes lodging, lets salute her.
Gard. God morrow to your Maiestie.
Quee. God morrow to my reuerent Lords of London and of Winchester, saw yee the King to day?
Bon. His Highnesse was not yet abroade this morning,
But here we will attend his excellence.
Quee. Come sister weele go see his Maiestie.
La. Ma We will attend yee Maddam.
Quee. Gentlemen set forward, God morrow Lords.
Gard. Ill morrow must it be to you or vs,
Conspirators gainst men religious,
Bonner, these Lutherans do conspire I see,
And scoffe the Pope and his supremacie.
Bon. Lets strike in time then, and incense the King,
And sodainly their states to ruine bring:
The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming,
Weele watch and take aduantage cunningly.

Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Semer, Gray, and Dudley.

King. Wheres *Brandon*?
Bran. My Leedge.
King. Come hether *Kate*.
Bran. Did your grace call?
Kin. Ile speake we anon, Ile speake we anon: Come *Kate* lets walke a little, whose there? my Lords of London and of Winchester, welcome, welcome: by this your maister the Cardinall I troe, has parted with the Emperour, & set a league betweene the *French* and him; Mother of God,
I would our selfe in person had beene there,
But *Wolseys* diligence we neede not feare,
Ha, thinke yee he will not.
Gard. No doubt he will my Lord.
King. I *Gardner* twill be his best pollicie,
Their friendship must aduance his dignitie.
If ere he get the Papall gouernance.

Dud. And that will neuer be I hope.

Sem. Twere pittie it ſhould.

Gray. Hee's proud enough already.

Kin. Haw, whats that yee talke there.

Bran. They ſay my Lord hee's gone with ſuch a traine,
As if he ſhould be elected preſently.

King. Fore-god tis a gallant Prieſt, come hether *Charles* prithee let me leane a thy ſhoulder, by Saint *George*, *Kate* I grow ſtiffe me thinkes.

Quee. Wilt pleaſe your Highneſſe ſit and reſt your ſelfe?

King. No, no *Kate*, Ile walke ſtill, *Brandon* ſhall ſtay mine arme, Ime fat and purſie, and twill get me a ſtomack: Sawſt the Prince to day *Kate?*

Quee. I my good Lord.

King. God bleſſe him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god I thinke old *Harry* muſt leaue yee ſhortly; well, Gods will be done, heerle be old ſhuffling then, ha will there not; well, you ſay nothing, pray God there be not, I like not this difference in religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I liue but ſeauen yeere longer, weele take order throughly.

Bon. We heare that *Luther* out of Germanie
Hath writ a booke vnto your Maieſtie,
Wherein he much repents his former deeds,
Craues your Highneſſe pardon, and withall,
Submits himſelfe vnto your Graces pleaſure.

Kin. Bonner tis true, and we haue anſwered it,
Blaming at firſt his haughtie inſolence,
And now his lightneſſe and inconſtancie,
That writ he knew not what ſo childiſhly.

Gard. Much bloodſhed there is now in Germanie,
About this difference in religion,
With Lutherans, Arians, and Anabaptiſts,
As halfe the Prouince of *Heluetia*,
Is with their tumults almoſt quite deſtroyde.

Quee. Me thinkes twere well my royall Soueraigne,
Your Grace, the Emperour, and the Chriſtian kings,

Would call a Counſaile and peruſe the bookes,
That *Luther* writ againſt the Catholickes,
And ſuperſtitions of the Church of *Rome*:
And if they teach a truer way to heauen,
Agreeing with the Hebrew Teſtament,
Why ſhould they not be red and followed?

Kin. Thou ſayſt wel *Kate*, ſo they agree with the ſcriptures,
I thinke tis lawfull to peruſe and read them, ſpeake Biſhops?

Gard. Moſt vnlawfull my deare Soueraigne,
Vnleſſe permitted by his Holyneſſe.

Queen. How proue ye that my Lord?

Kin. Well ſed *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lordes giue vs leaue awhile, auoyde the Preſence there, we'll heare the Biſhops and my Queene diſpute.

Queen. I am a weake Scholler my Lord,
But on conditiō that your Highneſſe, nor theſe reuerent Lords,
Will take no exceptions at my womans wit,
I am content to holde them Argument:
And firſt with reuerence to his Maieſtie.
Pray tell me, why would ye make the King beleeue,
His Highneſſe and the people vnder him,
Are tyde ſo ſtrictly to obay the Pope?

Bon. Becauſe faire Queene he is Gods Deputie.

Queen. So are all Kings; and God himſelfe commaunds
The King to rule, and people to obay,
And both to loue and honour him:
But you that are ſworne ſeruants vnto *Rome*,
How are ye faithfull ſubiects to the King,
When firſt ye ſerue the Pope then after him?

Gard. Madame theſe are that ſectes of Lutherans,
That makes your Highneſſe ſo miſtake the Scriptures,
Your ſlender arguments thus aunſwered
Before the King, God muſt be worſhipped.

Queen. Tis true, but pray ye anſwere this:
Suppoſe, the King by Proclamation,
Commaunded you, and euery of his ſubiects,
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,
To ſpurne againſt the Popes authoritie:

Yee know the Scripture binds yee to obey him,
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,
Your slight obedience all the world should know.
King. Gods-mother *Kate*, thoust toucht them there,
What say yee to that *Bonner*?
Bon. Were it to any but her Maiestie,
These questions were confuted easily.
Quee. Pray tell the King then, what Scripture haue yee,
To teach religion in an vnknowne language?
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,
By bare-foote pilgrimage to visite shrines,
For mony to release from Purgatorie,
The vildest villaine, theefe, or murderer,
All this the people must beleeue you can,
Such is the dregs of *Romes* religion.
Gard. I, those are the speeches of those hereticks,
Cranmor, *Ridley*, and blunt *Lattimer*,
That dayly raile against his Hollynesse,
Filling the land with hatefull heresies.
Quee. Nay be not angry, nor mistake them Lords,
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,
As by their Articles are euident.
King. Where are those Articles *Kate*?
Quee. Ile goe and fetch them to your Maiestie,
And pray your Highnesse view them gratiously. *Exit Quee.*
Kin. Go fetch them *Kate*: a sirra, we haue womē doctors,
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the whilste,
That twixt so many mens opinions,
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.
Gard. God graunt it breede no farther detriment,
Vnto your crowne and sacred dignitie:
They that would alter thus Religion,
I feare they scarcely loue your royall person.
Kin. Ha! take heed what you say *Gardiner*.
Gard. My loue and dutie to your Maiestie,
Bids me be bolde to speake my conscience,
Vnlesse your safetie and your life they hate,
Why should they dayly thus disturbe the state.

To ſmooth the face of falſe rebellion,
Proude traytors will pretend religion.
For vnder colour of reformation
The vpſtart followers of *Wickcliffes* doctrine,
In the fift *Henries* dayes ariſe in armes:
And had not dilligent care preuented them,
Their powres had ſodainely ſurpriſd the King,
And good my Leege who knows their proud intent,
That thus rebell againſt your gouernment.
Kin. Shrode proofes berlady and by ſaint *Peter*,
I ſweare we will not truſt their gentleneſſe,
Speake *Gardner* and reſolue vs ſpeedily,
Whoſe the ring-leader of this luſty crew?
Bon. Vnleſſe your highnes pleaſe to pardon vs,
We dare not ſpeake nor vrge your maieſty.
Kin. We pardon what ye ſpeake, reſolue vs ſpeedely.
Gard. Then if your royall perſon will be ſafe,
Your life preſerude and this faire Realme in peace.
And all theſe troubles ſmoothly pacifide,
The Queene deare Lord muſt be remoued from you.
Kin. Haw, the Queene, bold Sir aduiſe ye well,
Take heede ye do not wrong her loyalty.
Gard. See here my leege are proofes too manifeſt,
Her highneſſe with a ſect of *Lutherans*:
Haue priuate meetings, ſecret conuentickells,
To wreſt the grounds of all religion:
Seeking by tumults to ſubuert the ſtate,
The which with out your maieſties conſent,
Is treaſon capitall againſt the Crowne.
Bon. And ſeeing without the knowledge of your grace,
They dare attempt theſe dangerous ſtratagems,
Tis to befearde, which heauen we pray preuent,
They do conſpire againſt your ſacred life.
Gard. Why elſe, ſhould all theſe priuate meetings be
without the knowledge of your maieſty.
Kin. Mother a god theſe proofes are probabell,
And ſtrong preſumptions doe confirme your words,
within there, ho?

Enter Compton. My Lord.

Kin. Sir *William Compton* see the dores made fast,
Dubble our gard let none come nere our person,
Sommon the counsell to confer with vs,
Bid them attend vs in the priuy chamber,

Comp. Here is a letter for your maiesty,
From *Martin Luther* out of Germany.

Kin. Dambd *Scysmatick* still will he trouble vs
with bookes and letters, leaue it and be gone: *Exit* Compt.
The villaine thinks to smooth his trechery,
By fawning speeches to our maiesty,
But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I liue,
Ile roote his fauorits from Englands bounds
What writes his worship?

Gard. Now *Bonner* stir, the game is set a foot,
The king is now incenst, lets follow close
To haue Queene *Katherne* shorter by a head,
These here sies will cease when she is dead.

Kin. Holy saint *Peter* what a knane is this,
Ere while he writ submissiuely to vs;
And now againe repents his humblenesse,
Bishops it seemes being toucht with our reply
He wrights thus boldly to our maiesty,
Gardner looke here he was deceaued he says
When he thought to finde *Iohn Baptist* in the
Courts of princes, or resident with those that are
Cloathed in purple, Mother a god, Ist not a dangerous knaue?

Gard. False luther knaues he has great friends in England:
Else durst he not thus moue your Maiestie.

Kin. Weele cut his friends off, ere they grow too strong
And sweepe these vypers from our state ere long,
No maruell though Queene *Katherne* plead for him,
That is I see the greatest *Lutherin*,
How Is your counsels we proceede in these?

Bon. tware best your grace did send her to the Towre.
Before they further doe consir with her.

Kin. Let it be so, go get a warrant drawne,
And with a strong garde beare her to the Towre.

Our hand ſhall ſigne your large commiſſion,
Let *Cranmer* from the Prince be ſtraight remooued,
And come not neere the Court on paine of death,
Mother a God, ſhall I be baſſeld thus,
By traitors, rebels, and falſe hereticks:
Get Articles for her araignement readie,
If ſhe of treaſon be conuict, I ſweare,
Her head goes off, were ſhe my kingdomes aire. *Sound. Exit.*

Enter the Prince, Cranm: Tye, and the young Lords.

Prin. Cranmer.

Cran. My Lord.

Prin. Where is *Franciſcoe* our Italian Tutor?

Cran. He does attend your Grace without my Lord.

Prin. Tell him anon we will conferre with him,
Weele plie our learning *Browne* leaſt you be beaten,
We will not haue your Knighthood ſo diſgraſt.

Brow. I thanke yee good my Lord,
And your Grace would but a little plie your learning,
I warrant yee Ile keepe my Knighthood from breeching.

Prin. Faith *Ned* I will: how now what letter's that?

1. *Ser.* From your Graces ſiſter the Lady *Mary*.

Prin. Come giue it me, we geſſe at the contents.
Cranmer, my ſiſter oft hath writ to me,
That you and Biſhop *Bonner* might conferre,
About theſe points of new Religion,
Tell me Tutor will yee diſpute with him.

Cran. Withall my hart my Lord, and wiſh the king,
Would daine to here our diſputation.

Prin. What haſt thou there?

2. *Ser.* A Letter from your royall ſiſter, young *Elizabeth*.

Prin. Another Letter ere we open this,
Well we will view them both immediatly,
I pray yee attend vs in the next Chamber,
And Tutors if I call yee not before,
Giue me ſome notice, if the king my Father
Be walkt abroade, I muſt goe viſite him.

Tye. We will faire Prince.

Prin. What ſayes my ſiſter *Mary*? ſhe is eldeſt,

And by due course must first be answered,
The blessed Mother of thy redeemer, with all the Angels & holy Saints be intermissers to preserue thee of Idolatrie, to inuocate the Saints for helpe.
Alas good sister, still in this opinion,
These are thy blinded Tutors, *Bonner*, *Gardner*,
That wrong thy thoughts with foolish herisies,
Ile read no farther: to him will *Edward* pray
For preseruation, that can himselfe preserue me,
Without the helpe of Saint or cerimonie.
What writes *Elizabeth*, sweete sister thou hast my hart,
And of Prince Edwards loue hast greatest part.
Sweete Prince I salute thee with a Sisters loue,
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers
Be dedicate to God onely, for tis he alone
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enimies,
Giue a setled assurance of thy hopes in heauen,
God strengthen thee in all temptations,
And giue thee grace to shun Idolatrie,
Heauen send thee life to inherite thy election,
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preserue thee.
Thy louing Sister *Elizabeth.*
Louing thou art, and of me best beloued.
Thy lines shalbe my contemplations cures,
And in thy vertues will I meditate,
To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee: *Enter Cranmer.*
This I imbrace, away Idolatrie,
How now *Cranmer*, where's the King?
Cran. Conferring with his counsell gratious Prince,
There is some earnest businesse troubles him:
The Guardes are doubled, and commandment giuen,
That none be suffered to come neere the presence,
God keepe his Maiestie from traitors hands.
Pri. Amen good *Cranmer*, what should disturbe him thus?
Is Cardinall *Wolsey* yet returnd from *France*?
Tye. I my good Lord, and this day comes to court.
Prin. Perhaps this hastie businesse of the King,
Is touching *Wolsey* and his Embassage.

Cran. Pray God it be no worſe my Lord. *Ent. Compt.*
Tye. Here comes ſir *William Compton* from his highneſſe.
Comp. Health to your excellencie.
Prin. What newes ſir *William?*
Comp. The King expects your Graces companie,
And wils your Highneſſe come and ſpeake with him,
And doctor *Cranmer*, from his Maieſtie,
I charge yee ſpeedily to leaue the Court,
And come not neere the Prince on paine of death,
Without direction from the King and Peeres.
Cran. Sir I obey yee, God ſo deale with me,
As I haue wiſht vnto his Maieſtie.
Prin. Cranmer baniſht the Court, for what I pray?
Comp. I know not gratious Lord, pray pardon me,
Tis the Kings pleaſure; and truſt me I am ſorry
It was my hap to bring this heauie meſſage.
Cran. Nay good ſir *William*, your meſſage moues not me,
My ſeruice to his royall Maieſtie
Was alwayes true and iuſt, ſo helpe me heauen:
Onely I pray your Grace to moue the King,
That I may come to tryall ſpeedily,
And if in ought I haue deſerued death,
Let me not draw another minutes breath. *Exit Cranmer.*
Compt. Will yee goe my Lord.
Prin. Not yet, we are not your priſoner, are we ſir?
Compt. No my deere Lord.
Prin. Then goe before, and we will follow yee,
Your worſhip will forget your ſelfe I ſee, *Enter Tye.*
My tutor thruſt from court ſo ſodainly, this is ſtrange.
Tye. The Queene my Lord is come to ſpeake with you.
Enter Queene.
Prin. Auoyde the preſence then, and conduct her in,
Ile ſpeake with her, and after ſee the King,
Quee. Leaue vs alone I pray yee.
Prin. Your grace is welcome, how fares your Maieſtie.
Quee. Neuer ſo ill deare Prince, for now I feare,
Euen as a wretched caitiffe kild with care,
I am accuſde of treaſon, and the king

Is now in counsell to dispose of me,
I know his frowne is death, and I shall dye.
Prin. Who are your accusers.
Quee. I know not.
Prin. How know yee then his Grace is so incenst.
Quee. One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,
Tooke vp this bill of accusations,
Wherein twelue Articles are drawne against me,
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,
Here they accuse me of conspiracie,
That I with *Cranmer*, *Latimer*, and *Ridley*,
Doo seeke to raise rebellion in the state,
Alter religion, and bring *Luther* in,
And to new gouernment inforce the king,
Prin. Then thats the cause that *Cranmer* was remooued,
But did your Highnesse ere conferre with them?
As they haue here accusde yee to the king.
Quee. Neuer nor euer had I one such thought,
As I haue hope in him my soule hath bought.
Prin. Then feare not gratious Maddam, Ile to the king,
And doubt not but Ile make your peace with him.
Quee. O pleade for me, tell him my soule is cleare,
Neuer did thought of treason harbor heere,
As I intended to his sacred life,
So be it to my soule or ioy or greefe.
Prin. Stay here till I returne, Ile moue his maiestie,
That you may answer your accusers presently. *Exit Prince.*
Quee. O I shall neuer come to speake with him,
The Lion in his rage is not so sterne,
As Royall *Henry* in his wrathfull spleene,
And they that haue accusd me to his grace,
Will worke such meanes I neare shall see his face,
Wretched Queene *Katherin*, would thou hadst beene
Kate Parre still, and not great Englands Queene. *Ent. Comp.*
Compt. Health to your Maiestie.
Quee. Wish me good *Compton* woe and miserie,
This giddie flattering world I hate and scoffe,
Ere long I know Queene *Katherins* head must off.

Came ye from the King?

Comp. I did fayre Queene, and much sad tidings bring,
His grace in secrit hath reueild to me
What is intended to your Maiesty,
Which I in loue and duty to your highnesse,
Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye
The best I can in this extremitie.
Then on my knees I dare intreat your grace,
Not to reuaile what I shall say to you,
For then I am assurde that deaths my due.

Que. I will not on my faith, good *Comptton* speake,
That with thy sad reports my heart may breake.

Comp. Thus then at your fayre feete my life I lay,
In hope to driue your highnes cares away:
You are accusde of high conspiracy
And treason gainst his royall maiesty.
So much they haue insenst his excellency,
That he hath granted firme commission
To attach your person and conuay ye hence,
Close prisoner to the Towre, Articles are drawne,
And time appoynted for arrainement there.
Good maddame be aduisd, by this I know,
The officers are sent to arest your person:
Preuent their malice, hast ye to the King.
Ile vse such meanes that you shall speake with him,
There plead your Innocency, I know his grace
Will heare ye mildly therfore delay not,
If you be taken ere you see the king,
I feare ye neuer more shall speake to him.

Que. Oh *Comptton* twixt thy loue and my sage feare,
I feele ten thousand sad vexations here,
Leade on I pray, Ile be aduisd by thee,
The King is angry and the Queene must dye. *Exit*

Enter Boner & Gardner *with the commission.*

Gard. Come *Boner* now strike sure the yrons hott.
Vrge all thou canst, let nothing be forgot.
We haue the Kings hand here to warrant vs,
Twas well the Cardinall came and so luckely.

Who vrgd, the state would quite be ruined,
If that religion thus were altered.
Which made his highnes with a firy spleene,
Direct out warrants to attache the Queene.
Bon. Twas excellent, that Ceder once orethrown:,
To crop the lower shrubs let vs alone.
Gard. Those Articles of accusations,
We framd against her being lost by you
Had like to ouerthrow our pollicy,
Had we not stoutly vrgd his maiesty.
Bon. Well well, what's now to be done.
Gard. A gard must be prouided speedely,
To beare her prisoner vnto London Towre,
And watch conuenient place to arest her person.
Bon. Tush any place shall serue, for who dare contradict
His highnesse hand, euen from his side wele hale her,
And beare her quickly, to her longest home,
Lest we and ours by her to ruine come.
Gard. About it then, let them vntimely dye,
that scorne the Pope and *Romes* supremacie. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King *&* Prince, *the* Guarde *before them.*

King. Guarde, watch the dores and let none come nere vs,
But such as are attendant on our person:
Mother a God, tis time to sturre, I see,
When traitors creeps so nere our maiesty:
Must English *Harry* walke with armed Gards,
Now in his old age, must I feare my life,
By hatefull treason of my Queene and wife.
Prin. I do beseech your royall maiesty,
To here her speake ere ye condemne her thus.
King. Go too *Ned*, I charge ye speake not for her,
shes a dangerous traytor, how now, who knocks so loud there.
Gard. Tis Cardinall *Wolsye* my Lord.
Kin. And it be the Deuill, tell him he comes not here.
Byd him attend vs till our better leasure:
Come hither *Ned*, let me conferre with you.
Didst euer heare the disputation
Twixt *Cranmer* and the Queene about Religion.

Prin. Neuer my Lord, I thinke they neuer yet,
At any time had speech concerning it.
King. O thou art deceaued *Ned*, It is too certaine, *knock*
Hoyday more knocking, knock yrons an his heeles,
And beare him hence what ere he be disturbe vs, who ist?
Gard. S. *William Compton* my Leedge.
Kin. Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy mother, heere's a stur indeed, *Compton* ye knock too lowde for entrance here.
You care not though the king be neere so neere, say ye sir haw,
Comp. I do beseech you pardon for my bouldnesse.
King. Well what's your busines,
Comp. The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,
Kin. Body a me, is she not rested yet.
Why doe they not conuay her to the Towre,
We gaue commission to attach her presently.
Where is she?
Comp. At the dore my Soueraigne.
Kin. So nere our presence, keepe her out I charge ye.
Bend all your Holbeards points against the dore,
If she presume to enter strike her through,
Dare she presume againe to looke on vs,
Pri. Vpon my knees, I do beseech your highnes
To heare her speake.
Kin. Vp *Ned*, stand vp I will not looke on her,
Mother a god, stand close and gard it sure,
If she come in, ile hang ye all I sweare.
Prin. I doe beseech your Grace.
Kin. Sir boye no more, ile here no more of her,
Proud slut, bold traitresse, and forgetfull beast,
Yet dare she further moue our patience.
Prin. Ile pawne my princely word, right royall father,
She shall not speake a word to anger ye.
Kin. Will you pawne your word for her, mother a god
The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a king,
And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in. *Enter Queene*
Sir *William* let the gard attend without,
Reach me a chaire, all but the prince depart.

How

How now, what doe you weepe and kneele,
Dus your blacke ſoule the gylte of conſcience feele,
Out, out, your a traytor.

Que. A traytor, O you all ſeeing powres,
Here witneſſe to my Lord my loyalty
A traytor. O then you are too mercifull,
If I haue treaſon in me, why rip ye not
My vgly hart out with your weapons poynt,
O my good Lord, If it haue traytors blood,
It will be black, deformd, and tenibrous,
If not, from it will ſpring a ſcarlet fountaine,
And ſpit defiance in their periurde throates
That haue accuſde me to your maieſty,
Making my ſtate thus full of miſery.

Kin. Canſt thou deny it.

Quee. Elſe ſhould I wrongfully accuſe my ſelfe,
Of my deare Lord I do beſeech your highneſſe
To ſatiſfie your wronged Queene in this,
Vpon what ground growes this ſuſpicion,
Or who thus wrongfully accuſeth me.
Of curſed treaſon gainſt your maieſty.

Kin. Some probable effects my ſelfe can witneſſe,
Others our faithfull ſubiects can teſtifie:
Haue you not oft maintained arguments,
Euen to our face againſt religion:
Which ioynd with other complots ſhow it ſelfe,
As it is gathered by our loyall ſubiects,
For treaſon Cappitall againſt our perſon,
Gods holy mother youle remoue vs quickly,
And turne me out, old *Harry* muſt away,
Now in mine age, lame and halfe bed-rid,
Or elſe youle keepe me faſt inough in priſon,
Haw, miſtris, theſe are no hateſull treaſons theſe.

Queen. Heauen on my fore-head write my worſt intent,
And let your hate againſt my life be bent,
If euer thought of ill againſt your maieſtie,
Was harbord here refuſe me gratious God,
To your face, my ledge, if to your face I ſpeake it,

It manifeſtes no complot, nor no treaſon,
Nor are they loyall that ſo iniure me;
What I did ſpeake, was as my womans wit,
To hold out Argument could compaſſe it,
My puny ſchollerſhip is helde too weake
To maintaine proofes about religion,
Alas I did it but to waſt the time,
Knowiug as then your grace was weake and ſickly,
So to expell parte of your paine and griefe:
And for my good intent they ſeeke my life,
O God, how am I wrongd.

Kin. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo, was it no otherwiſe.

Que. What ſhould I ſay, that you might credit me,
If I am falſe, heauen ſtrike me ſodainly.

King. Body a me, what euerlaſting knaues are theſe that wrong thee thus, alas poore *Kate*, come ſtand vp, ſtand vp, wipe thine eyes, wipe thine eyes, foregod twas told me that thou wert a traytor: I could hardly thinke it, but that it was applide ſo hard to me, Godsmother *Kate* I feare my life I tell ye, King *Harry* would be loath to die by treaſon now, that has bid ſo many brunts vublemiſhed, yet I confeſſe that now I growe ſtiffe, my legges faile me firſt, but they ſtand furthieſt from my hart, and thats ſtill ſound, I thanke my God, giue me thy hand, come kiſſe me *Kate*, ſo now ime friends againe, hurſon knaues, crafty varlets, make thee a traytor to oulde *Harries* life, well, well, ile meete with ſome on them, Sfoute come ſit on my knee *Kate*. Mother a god he that ſays th'art falſe to me by Englands crowne ile hang him preſently.

Que. When I haue thought of ill againſt your ſtate,
Let me be made the vildeſt reprobate.

Kin. Thats my good *Kate*, but byth mary God, Queene *Katherne* you muſt thanke prince *Edward* here.
For but for him th'adſt gone toth towre I ſwere,

Que. I ſhalbe euer thankfull to his highneſſe.
And pray for him and for your maieſty,

Ki. Come *Kate* weell walke a while eth garden heere, who keepes the dore there?

Comp.

Compt: My Lord.

King Sir *William Compton*, here, take my ring,
Bid Doctor *Cranmer* haste to Court againe,
Give him that token of king *Henries* love,
Discharge our guards, we feare no traytors hand,
Our State, beloved of all doth firmely stand:
Go *Compton.*

Comp: I go my Lord.

King Bid *Wolsey* haste him to our royall presence,
Great *Charles* the mighty Romane Emperour,
Our Nephew, and the hope of Christendome
Is landed in our faire Dominion,
To see his Vnckle and the English Court;
Wee'le entertaine him with imperiall port:
Come hither *Ned.*

Enter Bonner *and* Gardner *with the guard.*

Gar: Fellows, stay there, and when I cal, come forward,
The service you pursue, is for the king;
Therefore I charge you to performe it boldly,
We have his hand and seale to warrant it.

Guard: Wee'le fellow you with resolution sir,
The Church is on our side, what should we feare?

Gard: See yonder, shees talking with his Maiesty,
Thinke you we may attempt to take her heere?

Bon: Why should we not, have we not firme cõmission
To attach hir any where? be bold, and feare not:
Fellowes come forward.

King How now, whats heere to do?

Qu: The Bishops it seemes my Lord would speake with you.

King With bills and holberds, well, tarry there *Kate*,
Ile go my selfe; Now wherefore come you?

Gard: As loyall subiects to your state and person,
We come to apprehend that trayterous woman.

King Y'are a couple of drunken knaves and varlets,
Gods holy mother, shee is more true and iust,

Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope:
Thus to vsurpe vpon our government?
Call you her traytor? y'are lying beastes and false
conspiratours.

Bon: Your Maiesty hath seene what proofes we had.

King Here you *Bonner*, you are a whorson coxcomb,
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

Queene O my deare Lorde, respect the reverend
Bishoppes.
Bonner and *Gardner* loves your Maiestie.

King Alas poore *Kate*, thou think'st full little what
they come for;
Thou hast small reason to commend their loves,
That falsly have accusde thy harmelesse life.

Queene O God, are these mine enemies?

Gard: We have your highnesse hand to warrant it.

King Lets see it then.

Gard: Tis heere my Liege.

King So, nowe yee have both my hand to contradict
what one hand did: and now our word againe shal serve
as warrant to beare you both as prisoners to the Fleete,
Where you shall answer this conspiracie.
You fellows that came to attach the Queene,
Lay hands on them, and beare them to the Fleete.

Queene O I beseech you highnesse on my knees,
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

King Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrongst thy Maiesty,
To plead for them that thus have injurde thee.

Queene I have forgotten it, and do still intreate
Their humble pardons at your gratious feet.

King Mother of God, what a foolish woman's this,
Well, for her sake we revoke our doome,
But come not neere vs as you love your lives:
Away and leave vs, you are knaves and miscreants,
Whorson Caitifes, come to attach my Queene!

Queene Vex not my Lord, it will distemper you.

Enter Branden.

King

King Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for't
How now *Branden*?

Bran: The Emperour my Lord.

King Get a traine readie there, *Charles Branden*, come,
Weel'e meete the Monarke of imperiall *Rome*:
Go *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meete the Emperour,
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

Enter Cardinall and Wil.

Attend the Prince there: Welcome Lord Cardinall,
Hath not our tedious iorney into *France*,
Disturbed your Graces health and reverent person?

Wil: No, no, ne're feare him *Harry*, he haz got
More by the iourney, heele be Pope shortly.

King What, *William*, how chance I have not seene you to day? I thought you would not have bin the hindmost man to salute me.

Wil: No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behinde me, I could never get him before me, since thou coniurst him i'th great chamber, all the horse i'th towne cannot hawle him into thy presence I warrant thee.

King Will hee not come in?

Wil: Not for the world, he stands watching at the dore, Hee'le not stirre while the Cardinal come; Then the foole will follow him every where.

Wool: I thank you *William*, I am beholding to you still.

Wil: Na my Lord, I am more beholding vnto you, I thanke your foole for it, we have ransakled your wine-sellers since you went into *France*: Doe you blush my Lord? na, thats nothing, you have wine there, is able to set a colour in any mans face I warrant it.

King Why *William*, is the Cardinalls wine so good?

Wil: Better then thine Ile be sworne, Ile take but two handfulls of his wine, and it shall fill foure hoggesheads of thine (looke here else)

Wool: *Mor dieu.*

Wil: Mor divell, ist not? for without coniuring, you could never do it: But I pray you my Lord call vppon Mor dieu no longer, but speake plaine English, you have

deceyued the King in French and Latine long enough a conscience.

King Is his wine turned into gold, *Wil?*

Wool: The foole mistakes, my gratious Soveraigne.

Wil. I, I my Lord, we're set your wit to the fooles, *Wil Summers* will be secret now, and say nothing; if I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrells full of gold and silver there was sixe times filled with plate and jewells, twentie great truncks with Crosses, Crosiers, Copes, Miters, Maces, golden Crucifixes, besides the fourc hundreth and twelve thousand pound that poore Chimneys paid for Peeter pence. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your selfe for more knavery then this comes to.

King Go too foole, you wrong the Cardinall,
But grieve not *Woolsey*, *William* will be bold:
I pray you set on to meete the Emperour,
The Maior and Cittizens are gone before,
The Prince of *Wales* shall follow presently,
And with our George and coller of estate,
Present him with the order of the Garter:
Great *Maximilian* his progenitour,
Vpon his breast did weare the English Crosse,
And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,
Receiving pay for all his warlike hoste;
And *Charles* with knighthood shall be honored:
Beginne Lord Cardinall, greete his Maiestie,
And we our selfe will follow presently.

Wol: I go my Soveraigne.

Wil: Faire weather after yee:
Well, and ere he come to be Pope, I shall bee plung'd for this.
Queene, *William*, you have angred the Cardinall I can tell you.

King T'is no matter *Kate*, Ile anger him worse ere long,
Though for a while I smooth it to his face:
I did suspect what heere the foole hath found,
He keepes forsooth, a high Court Leegantine,

Taxing our subiects, gathering summes of gold,
Which he belike hath hid to make him Pope;
A Gods name let him, that shall be our owne.
But to our businesse, come Queene *Katherin*,
You shall with vs to meete the Emperour,
Let all your Ladies be in readinesse:
Go, let our guard attend the Prince of *Wales*,
Vpon our selfe, the Lords and Pentioners
Shall give attendance in their best array, *Sound.*
Let all estates be ready; come faire *Kate*,
The Emperour shall see our English state.
Sound.

Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Mayor, and Gentlemen.

Wool: Your Maiesty is welcome into *England*,
The king our Master, will reioyce to see,
Great *Charles* the royall Emperours Maiesty.
Empe: We thank your paines my good L. Cardinall,
And much our longing eyes desires to see
Our kingly vnckle and his princely sonne,
And therefore, when you please I pray set on.
Wool: On gentlemen, and meete the Prince of *Wales*.
That comes forerunner to his royall father,
To entertaine the Christian Emperour:
Meane while, your Maiesty may heere behold
This warlike kingdome faire *Metropolis*,
The Citty *London*, and the river *Thames*,
And note the scituation of the place.
Empe: We do my Lord, and count it admirable:
But see Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.
Sound.

Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the Coller and garter, the guard and Lords attending.

Emp: Well met yong coosen.
Prin: I kisse your highnesse hand,
And bid you welcome to my fathers land;

I shall not neede interre comparisons,
Welcome beyond compare, for so your excellencie
Hath honoured England, in containing you,
As with all princely pompe and state we can,
Weele entertaine great *Charles* the Austrian:
And first, in signe of honour to your grace,
I heere present this collar of estate,
This golden garter of the knighthoods order,
An honour to renowne the Emperour:
Thus as my father hath commanded me,
I entertaine your royall Maiestie.

Emp: True honoured off-spring of a famous King,
Thou dost amaze me, and doost make me wish
I were a second sonne to *Englands* Lord,
In interchange of my imperiall seate;
To live with thee faire hope of Maiestie,
So well our welcome we accept of thee,
And with such princely spirit pronounce the word,
Thy fathers state, can no more state afford.

Prince Yes my good Lord, in him theres Maiesty,
In me theres love with tender infancie. *Sound trum.*

Wool: The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is comming.

Prince Go all of you attend his royall person,
Whilst we observe the Emperours Maiesty.

Sound.

Enter the Heralds first, then the Trumpets next the guard, then Mace-bearer and swords, then the Cardinall, then Branden, *then the King, after him the Queene, Lady* Mary, *and Ladies attending.*

King Hold, stand I say.

Bran: Stand gentlemen.

Wool: Cease those trumpets there.

King Is the Emperour yet come in sight of vs?

Wool: His Maiestie is hard at hand my Lord.

King Then *Branden*, sheathe our Sword, and beare our Maces downe,

In honour of my Lord, the Emperour?
Forward againe.

Bran: On Gentlemen afore, sound trumpets and set forwards.

Prince Behold my father, gratious Emperour.

Empe: Weele meete him Cooſen:
Vnckle of *England*, King of *France* and *Ireland*, defender of the antient Chriſtian faith;
With greater ioy I do embrace thy breaſt,
Then when the ſeaven Electors crowned me,
Great Emperour of the Chriſtian Monarchy.

King Great *Charles*, the firſt Emperour of *Almayne*, King of the Romans, *Semper Auguſtus*, warlike king of *Spaine* and *Cicily*, both *Naples*, *Navar* and *Arragon*, king of *Creete* and great *Ieruſalem*, Arch-duke of *Auſtria*, Duke of *Millaine*, *Brabant*, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell* and *Flanders*, with this great title I embrace thy breaſt,
And how thy ſight doth pleaſe, ſuppoſe the reſt,
Sound trumpets, while my faire Queene *Katreine*
Gives entertainment to the Emperour. *Sound.*
Welcome againe to England princely Cooſen,
We dwell heere, but in an outward continent,
Where winters ice-cickles hangs on our beards,
Bordring vpon the frozen Orcades,
Our mother-point, compaſt with the Artike ſea,
Where raging *Boreas* ſtyes from winters mouth;
Yet are our bloods as hote, as where the Sun doth riſe,
We have no golden mines to leade you to,
But hearts of proofe, and what we ſpeake, weele do.

Emp: We thanke you Vnckle, & now muſt chide you.
If we be welcome to your Country,
Why is the antient league now broke betwixt vs?
Why have your Heralds in the French kings cauſe,
Breathed defiance gainſt our dignity,
When face to face, we met at *Landerſey*?

King My Heroalds to defie your Maieſtie?
Your grace miſtakes, we ſent Ambaſſadors
To treate a peace betweene the French and you,

Not

Not to defie you as an enemy.

Emp: Yet Vnckle in king *Henries* name he came,
And boldly to our face did give the same.

Card: Hell stop that fatall boding Emperors throte,
That sings against vs this dismall Ravens note.

King Mother of God, if this be true, we see,
There are more kings in *England* now then wee:
Wheres Cardinall *Woolsey*?
Heard you this newes in *France*?

Wool: I did my Liege, and by my meanes twas done,
Ile not deny it; I had Commission
To ioyne a league betweene the French and him,
Which he withstanding as an enemie,
I did defie him from your Maiestie.

King Durst thou presume so, base-borne Cardinall,
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;
Presumptuous traitor, vnder what pretence
Didst thou attempt to brave the Emperour?
Belike thou meantst to levell at a crowne,
But thy ambitious crowne shall hurle thee downe.

Wool: With reverence to your Maiesty, I did no more
Then I can answer to the holy sea.

King Vilaine, thou canst not answer it to me,
Nor shadow thy insulting trechery:
How durst ye sirra, in your ambassage,
Vnknowne to vs, stampe in our royall coyne
The base impression of your Cardinall hat,
As if you were copartner in the Crowne?
Ego & Rex meus: you and your king must be
In equal state, and pompe, and Maiestie:
Out of my presence hatefull impudencie.

Wool: Remember my Liege, that I am Cardinall
And deputie vnto his holinesse.

King Be the divells Deputie, I care not I,
Ile not be baffeld by your trechery;
Y'are false abusers of religion,
You can corrupt it and forbid the King,
Vpon the penaltie of the Popes blacke curse;

If he should pawne his Crowne for Souldiers pay,
Not to suppresse an old religious Abbey,
Yet you at pleasure have subverted foure,
Seizing their lands, tunning vp heapes of gold,
Secret convaiance of our royall Seale,
To raise Collections to inrich thy state,
For which sir, we command you leave the Court,
We heere discharge you of your offices:
You that are *Caiphas*, or great Cardinall,
Haste ye with speede vnto your Bishopricke,
There keepe you, till you heare further from vs:
Away and speake not.

Wool: Yet will I prowdly passe as Cardinall,
Although this day define my heavy fall. *Exit.*

Emp: I feare king *Henry*, and my royall Vnckle,
The Cardinall will curse my progresse hether.

King No matter coosen, beshrew his trecherous hart,
Haz moov'd my blood to much impatience.

Enter Will Summers.

Where's *Wil Summers!* come on wise *William*,
We must vse your little wits, to chase this
Anger from our blood againe:
What art thou doing?

Wil: I am looking round about the Emperour, mee thinks tis a strange sight, for though he have seene more fooles then I, yet I never saw no more Emperours but him.

Emp: Is this *Wil Summers!* I have heard of him in all the Princes Courts in Christendome.

Wil: Law ye my lord, you have a famous foole of mee, I can tell yee,
Wil Summers is knowne farre and neere yee see.

King I, are you ryming *William*, na, then I am for yee, I have not rymed with yee a great while, and now Ile challenge yee, and the Emperour shall bee iudge beetweene vs.

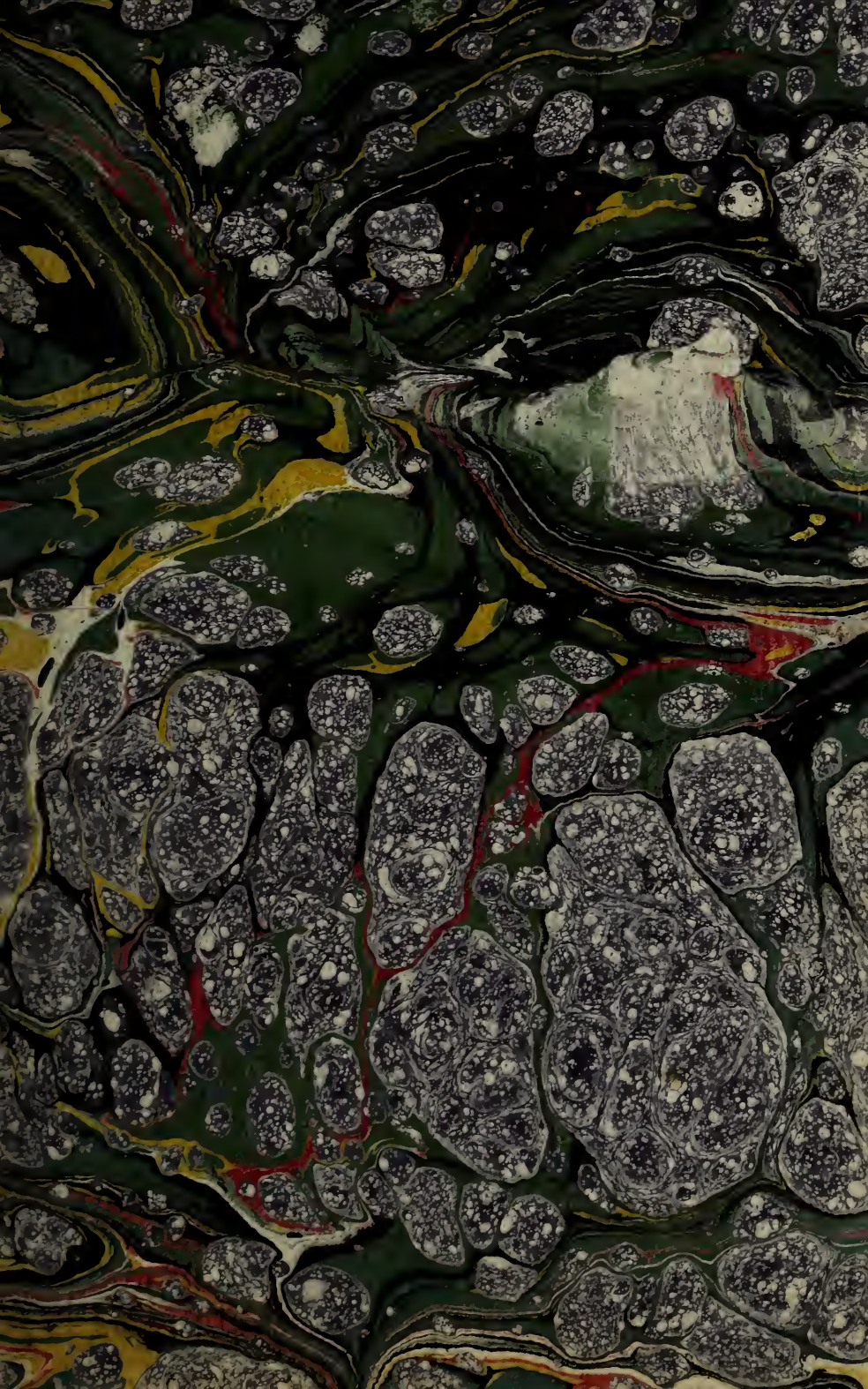
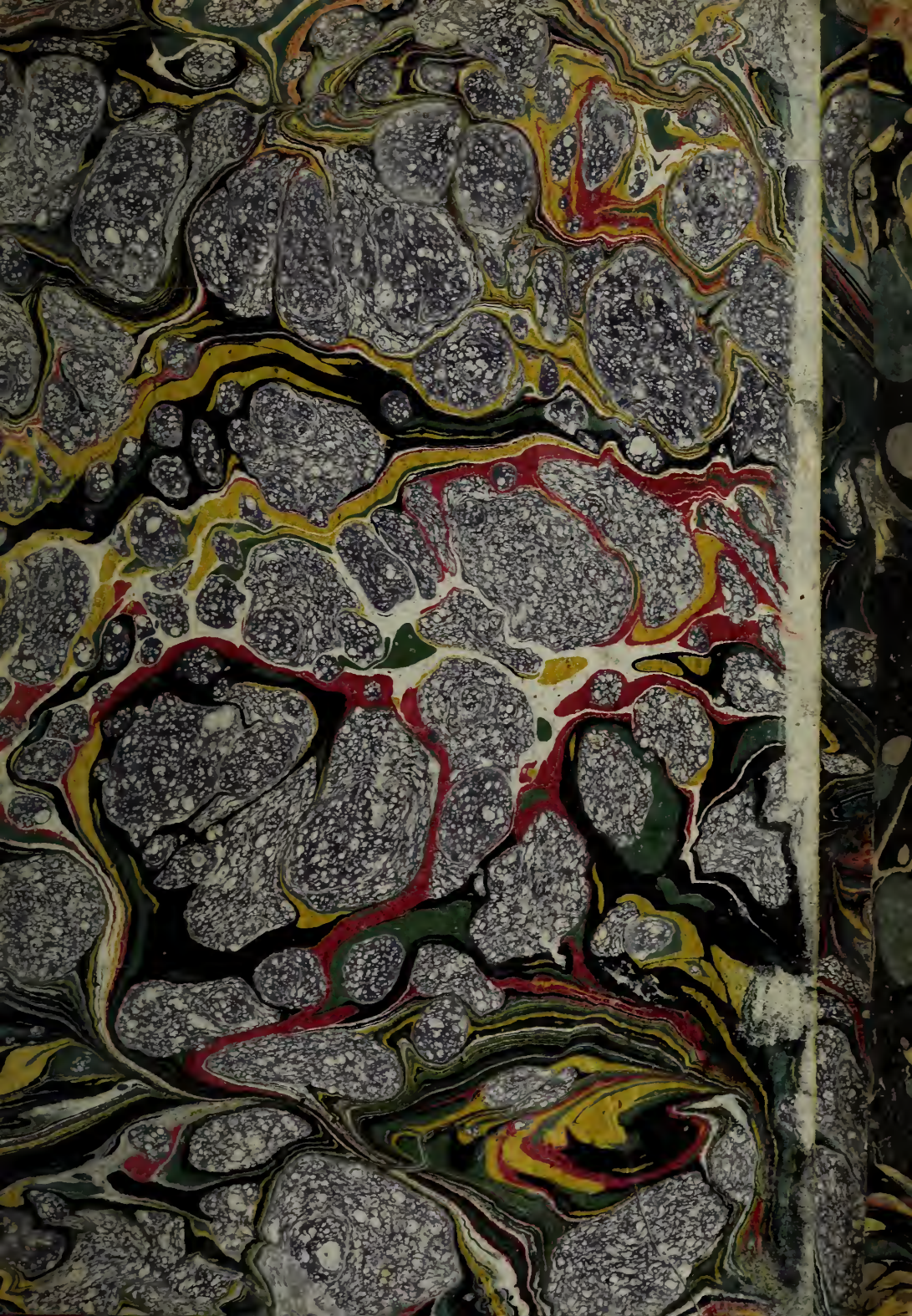
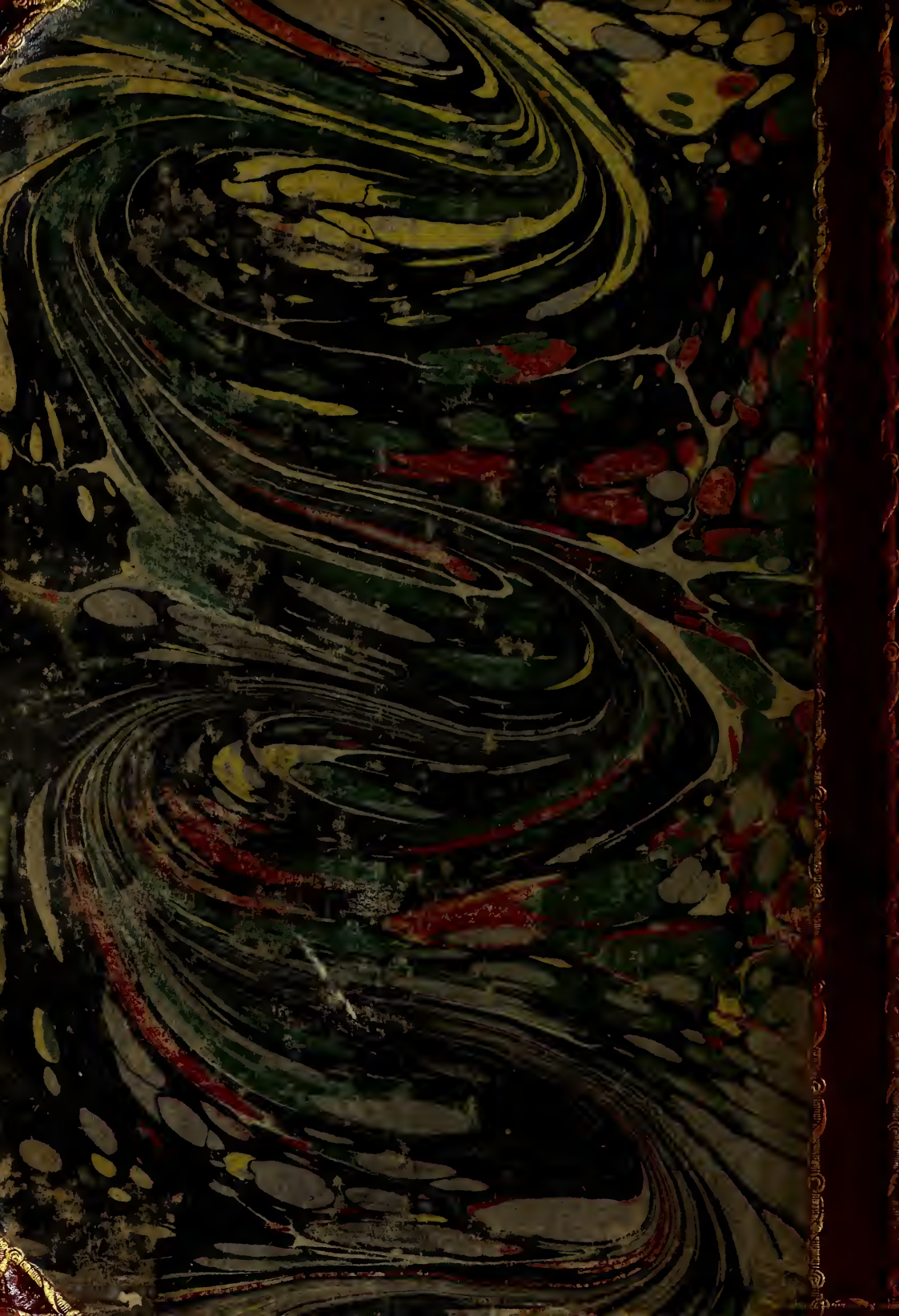
Wil: Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once and I care not

King Say yee to hir, come *Kate*, ſtand by mee,
Weele put you to an vnplus preſentlie.
Queene To him *Wil.*
Wil: I warr. nt you Madam.
King Anſwer this ſir,
The bud is ſpread, the Roſe is red, the leafe is greene,
Wil: A wench t'ſſed, was found in your bed, beſides the Queene.
Queene Godamarcy for that *Wil*,
Theres two angells for thee:
Ifaith my Lord I am glad I know it.
King Gods mother *Kate*, will thou beleeve the foole? he lies, he lies, a ſirra *William*, I perceive and't had beene ſo, you would have ſhamed me before the Emperour, yet *William* have at you once more,
In yonder Tower, theres a flower, that hath my hart.
Wil: Within this houre, ſhe piſt full ſower, & let a fart.
Emp: Hees too hard for you my Lord, i'le try him one venye my ſelfe, what ſay you to this *William?*
An Emperour is greate, high is his ſeate, who is his foe?
Wil The wormes that ſhall eate, his carkas for meate, whether he will or no.
Emp: Well anſwerd *Wil*, yet once more I am for ye,
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.
Wil: I, ſo he may dip, about her hip, i'th tother thing.
Emp: Haz put me downe my Lord.
Wil: Who comes next then?
King The Queene *William*, looke to your ſelfe;
To him *Kate.*
Queene Come on *William*, anſwer to this,
What could I take, my head doth ake, what phiſick's good?
Wil: Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme your blood.
Queene I am not repulſt at firſt *William*, againe ſir,
Women and their wills, are dangerous ills, as ſome men ſuppoſe.
Wil: She that puddings fills, when ſnow lies o'th hills,

muſt

must keepe cleane her nose.

King Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all:
My Lord the Emperour, we delay too long,
Your promised welcome to the English Court,
The honourable order of the garter,
Your Maiestie shall take immediately,
And sit installde therewith in *Windsor* Castle,
I tell ye there are lads girt with that order,
That wil vngirt the prowdest Champion:
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours state,
First in our Court weele banquet merrily,
Then mount on steedes, and girt in complete steele,
Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and turnament:
Then shall yee see the Yeomen of my guard
Wrestle, shoote, throw the sledge, or pitch the barre,
Or any other active exercise:
Those triumphs past, weele forthwith haste to *Windsor*,
S. *Gorges* knight shall be the Christian Emperour.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.